

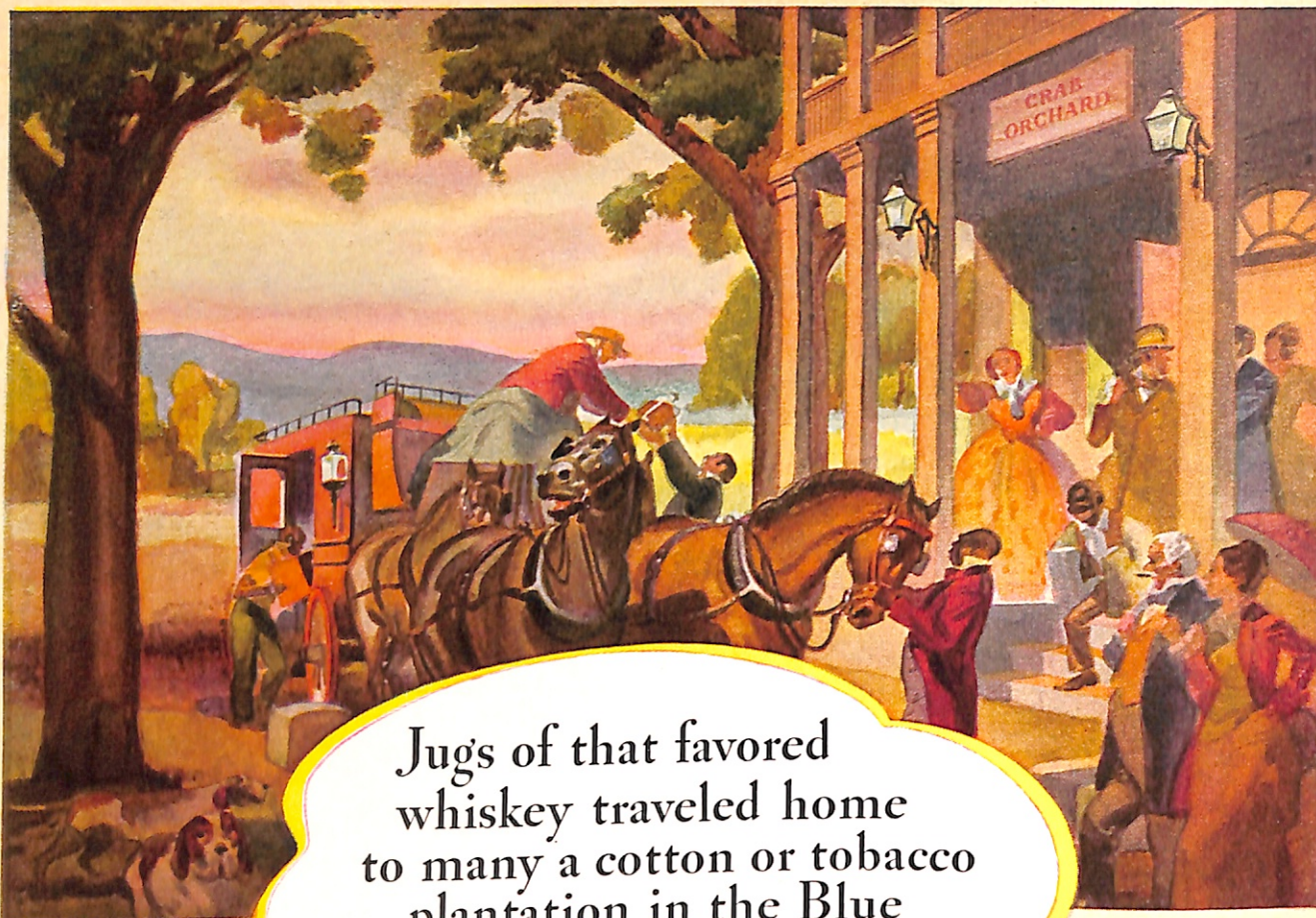
The Elks

APRIL, 1935

EASTERN EDITION



Hugh Fullerton — Rafael Sabatini — Odgers T. Gurnee



Jugs of that favored
whiskey traveled home
to many a cotton or tobacco
plantation in the Blue
Grass country



DEPARTURE from the quaint old hotel in Crab Orchard, Kentucky, was an event to be long remembered.

As they rolled away, guests might recall, with misty-eyed reminiscence, the golden-brown fried chicken, the crisp pone sticks, and other good old southern delicacies that had made Crab Orchard cooking known from Cumberland Gap clear up beyond the lazy Ohio.

They might look back and long for the clear, healthful waters of Crab Orchard's famous limestone spring.

But the menfolks took one memento with them. Grinning darky boys tenderly deposited, beside the master's feet, a jug of that rich red Bourbon which helped the tiny town of Crab Orchard spread its fame.

For this local whiskey was not only rich and red and mellow—it was economical, and that was also important in those days shortly after the peace of Appomattox.

It was that same reputation of goodness combined with economy which suddenly lifted Crab Orchard to national fame, more than sixty years later.

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And suddenly they discovered Crab Orchard! Almost overnight, a demand began to grow, which swept across the country. And this local favorite of other years is *America's fastest-selling straight whiskey today.*

Kentucky straight whiskey
Made the good old-fashioned way
Smooth and satisfying to taste
Sold at a price anyone can pay



*This Emblem
Protects You*

Crab Orchard

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Timon of Athens
As You Like It
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Taming of the Shrew
Twelfth Night
Cymbeline
Julius Caesar
Hamlet
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The Elks Magazine

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT
AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED
STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE
DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NA-
TIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity;
to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to
quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."
—From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

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Editor and Executive Director

James S. Warren
Managing Editor

APRIL, 1935

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Cover Design by	
Norm Saunders	

This Month

THIS month we present the second of a group of five short stories—each complete in itself—by Rafael Sabatini. Don't overlook "The Night of Nuptials" (page 13). These thrilling tales, based on authenticated historical events, are without a peer in vividness, color and drama.

We would also call your attention particularly to Hugh Fullerton's interesting article about the baseball pitchers of another day. Himself a player, as well as a veteran sports writer, he has caught (in practice) for virtually every star moundsmen who ever donned a major league uniform. Read, on page 17, what he has to say about the tricks of the trade the oldtimers used and you will enjoy the next ball game you see more than ever before.

Next Month

HOW would you like to sit in a poker game with a prince of the British Empire, a Japanese count and an American ambassador? That is just what you will do next month when you read "Hole Card Wild," by Ross Connelly. Did you know that poker was international in scope? It is, and it's surprising how few variations there are in the game as it's played in Europe, Asia, on the high seas and in the United States. And when the big moguls of international diplomacy start betting an open-end straight against a two-card draw, the fur flies fast and furiously. Mr. Connelly's story will take you out of yourself—give you a glimpse of a fascinating and little understood world—as few stories can.



News of Elkdom

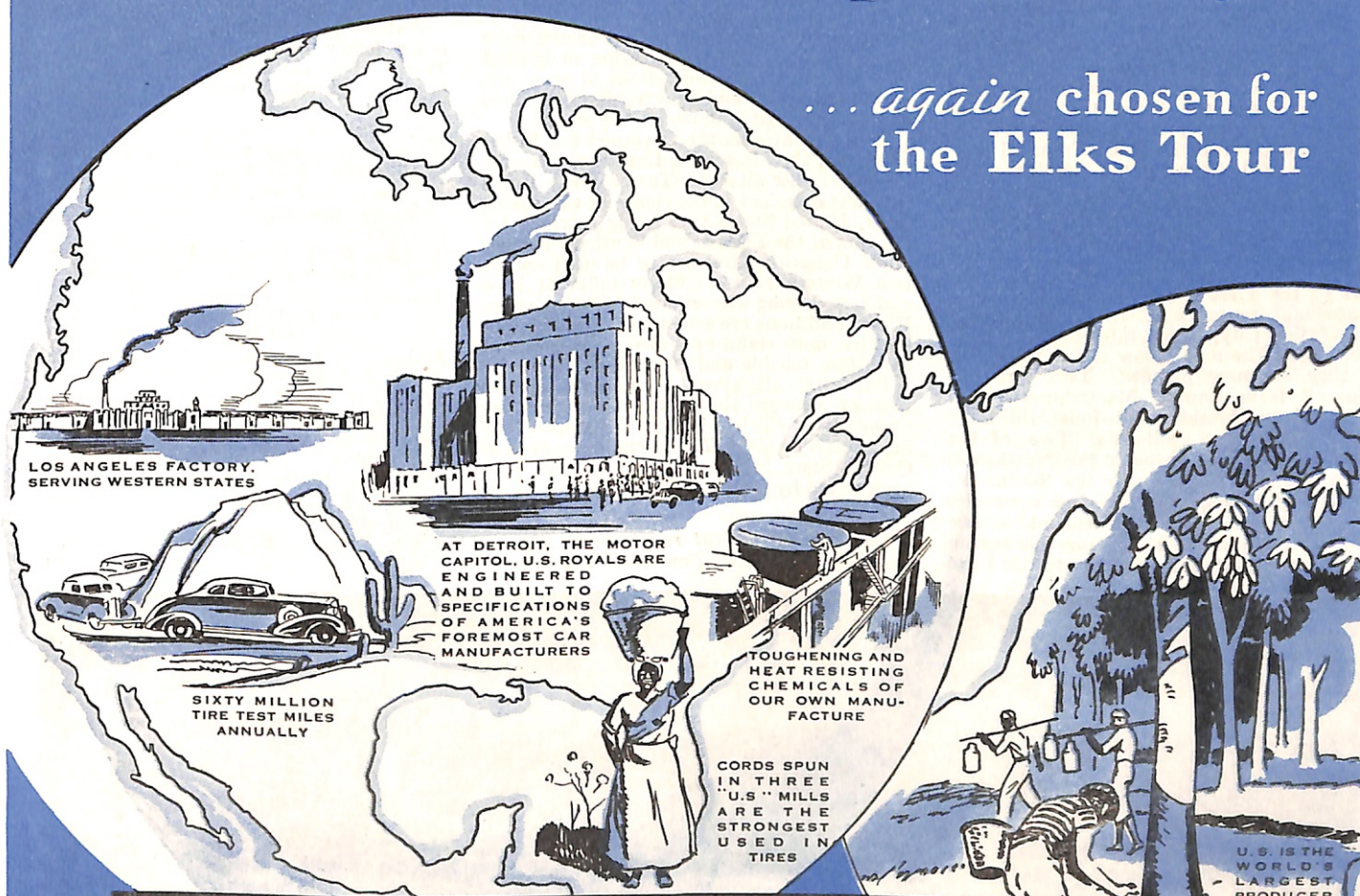
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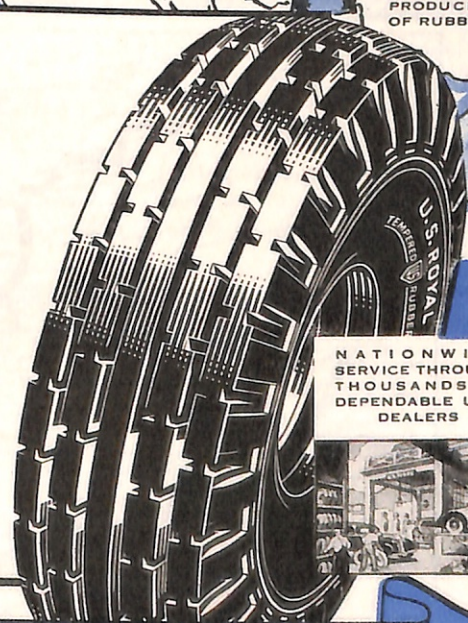
From the Four Corners of the Earth comes U.S. ROYAL Dependability

... again chosen for
the Elks Tour



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The safety and dependability of U. S. Royal tires go further back than the *extra toughness* of Tempered Rubber... the *safer non-skid* of the Cogwheel Tread... and the *surer blowout protection* of the Safety Bonded Body. Behind these advantages are world-wide facilities... for materials, research and manufacturing... giving quality control all along the line. No tire, we believe, can give you U. S. Royal safety and dependability, without these resources—without such controlled quality, from the rubber tree to your car.



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THOUSANDS OF
DEPENDABLE U. S.
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Greater Enthusiasm for Good Will Tour

Hundreds of letters received by THE ELKS MAGAZINE each year testify to the Tour's popularity

by

Edward Faust

WHEN the first Good Will Tour was launched by THE ELKS MAGAZINE in 1929, its purpose as a builder of good will and its significance as a publicizer of the Lodges visited as well as the Grand Lodge Convention was not so clearly understood by the subordinate Lodges as it is today. Each year witnesses an increasing wave of enthusiasm for the Tour throughout the Order. Each year brings a greater number of invitations from Lodges. From all indications, and judging by the number which have already been received by THE ELKS MAGAZINE, the 1935 Elks-Chevrolet Tour promises to be the most successful conducted to date.

Saturday morning, May 25th, the eight cars of the Fleet will start on their trans-continental journeys to the Grand Lodge Convention City, which this year is Columbus, Ohio. The map below shows the routes as they are now planned. Two cars will take off from Lowell, Massachusetts, two from Miami, Florida, and four will leave from Sacramento, California. Two of the latter will proceed through the Northwest, the remaining two through the Southwest.

The exacting requirements of an enterprise of this nature naturally demand a fine kind of equipment. It was for this reason that the new 1935 Chevrolet Master De Luxe

Sedan and Chevrolet Standard Phaeton were chosen, one of each model being designated for each route. Considerations of economy, sturdiness, speed and beauty, as exemplified in the Chevrolet, influenced the choice.

As is well known, the Chevrolet is a Fisher Body car, the Master De Luxe Sedan having the new Fisher all-steel "Turret" top. Equal care was exercised in the choice of tire equipment, United States tires being specified for the cars of the Eastern and Southern Routes, while Goodrich Tires are to be used on the two Western routes. Many miles of hard and fast driving are required between visits. Road conditions are sometimes appalling, but the tires must stand up. Hence the choice of these two reliable and economical makes.

But after all, given a fine car and the best of rubber, the Tour could not run smoothly or efficiently were it hampered by lubrication troubles. The splendid qualities of Quaker State Motor Oils and Greases have been tested by the Good Will cars every year

since the Tour's inception. These oils and greases are used exclusively. Extra power—extra engine energy—being vital to success, call for the exclusive use of Ethyl Gasoline.

Perhaps you would like to know what the other fellow thinks about the Good Will Tour. Here are a few excerpts from the hundreds of letters received by THE ELKS MAGAZINE:

"... accept our most sincere thanks for the wonderful way you have planned for a suitable start from Omaha."

Harry B. Jones, P.E.R., Omaha, Neb.

"Lodge has received great deal of fine publicity."

Thos. H. Quinn, E.R., Faribault, Minn.

"... mighty glad to have Good Will cars stop here on way to Milwaukee."

Albert E. Williams, Sec., Lorain, O.

"... very good impression conveyed (by Ambassadors) on members and citizens."

J. F. Harrison, Sec., Jackson, Mich.

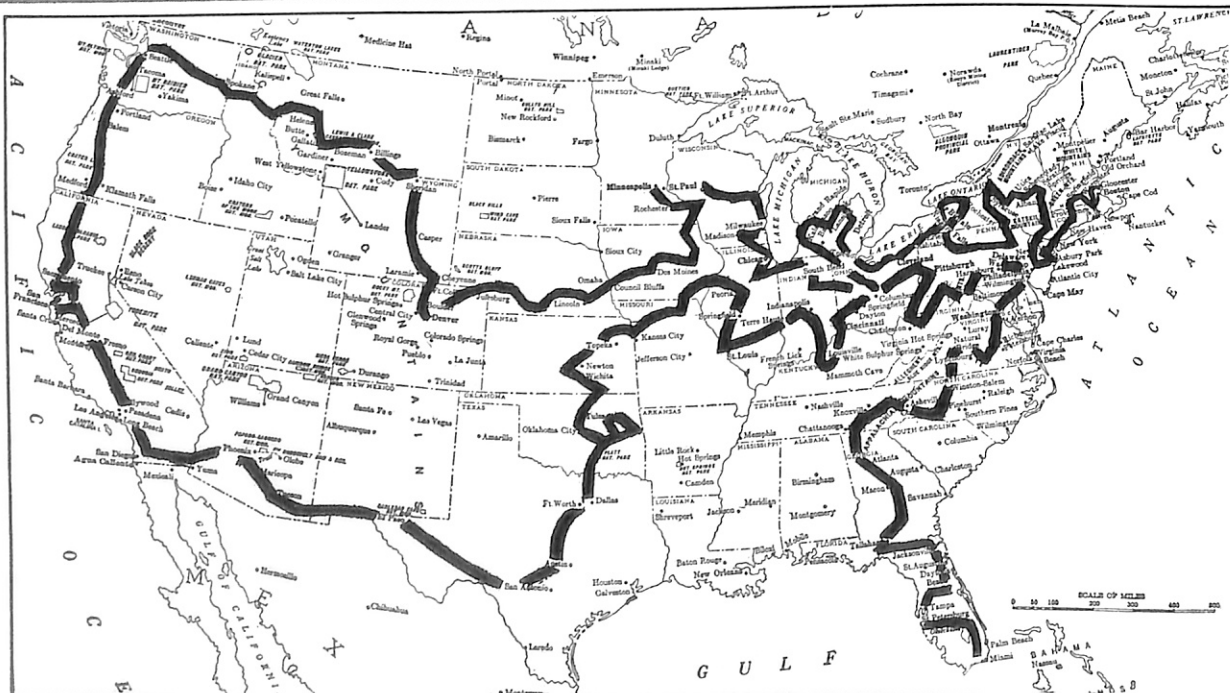
"... tour visit delightful and helpful in increasing interest in Elkdom among our members as well as the public... a wonderful thing... hope it can be continued."

A. C. Bintz, E. R., Lincoln, Neb.

"... Thanks for including Albert Lea in list of stops."

E. A. Sheveland, Sec.,
Albert Lea, Minn.

Below: A typical reception of the
Elks Good Will Tour Ambassadors



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NEW SUPER AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT POLICY

\$10 PER YEAR
(3 cents per day)

This CAN be You!

**35,500 KILLED This Way in 1934
Over One Million INJURED**

These figures mean you simply cannot leave yourself and dependents unprotected. The odds are too great! Especially when The FEDERAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY gives you complete security for LESS THAN THREE CENTS PER DAY! Study carefully the details of this policy—then send application below—AT ONCE!

IT COVERS---

If injury or death is sustained as the sole and direct result of:

- (1) Driving, riding in or cranking an automobile of the pleasure car type;
- (2) riding as a fare-paying passenger in a public passenger automobile;
- (3) being struck or run over by an automobile;
- (4) the burning or explosion of an automobile of the pleasure car type.

IT PAYS---For loss of:

	Principal Sum	Annual Increase	Value After 5th Year
Life.....	\$3,000.00	\$300.00	\$4,500.00
Both feet, or both hands.....	3,000.00	300.00	4,500.00
One hand and one foot.....	3,000.00	300.00	4,500.00
Sight of both eyes.....	3,000.00	300.00	4,500.00
Either hand or either foot.....	2,000.00	200.00	3,000.00
Sight of one eye.....	1,000.00	100.00	1,500.00

IT ALSO PAYS---

\$100.00 per month for total loss of time, payable for six months.

40.00 per month for partial loss of time, payable for one month.

50.00 per month for hospital expense in addition to other indemnity, payable for one month.

50.00 per month for nurse's fees, if not confined in a hospital, in addition to other indemnity, payable for one month.

10.00 for doctor's bill for non-disabling injury.

Sold only to employed men and women, ages 18 to 65 inclusive.

Not sold to housewives, students, garage employees, taxicab or bus drivers, chauffeurs, truck drivers, auto mechanics or repairmen, or paid members of law enforcement bodies or fire departments.

We also have a special \$5 Policy, to cover Housewives, Students and other Members of the family, ages 16 to 65 inclusive. This pays one-half the above amounts. If this policy is desired, mail \$5 using application below.

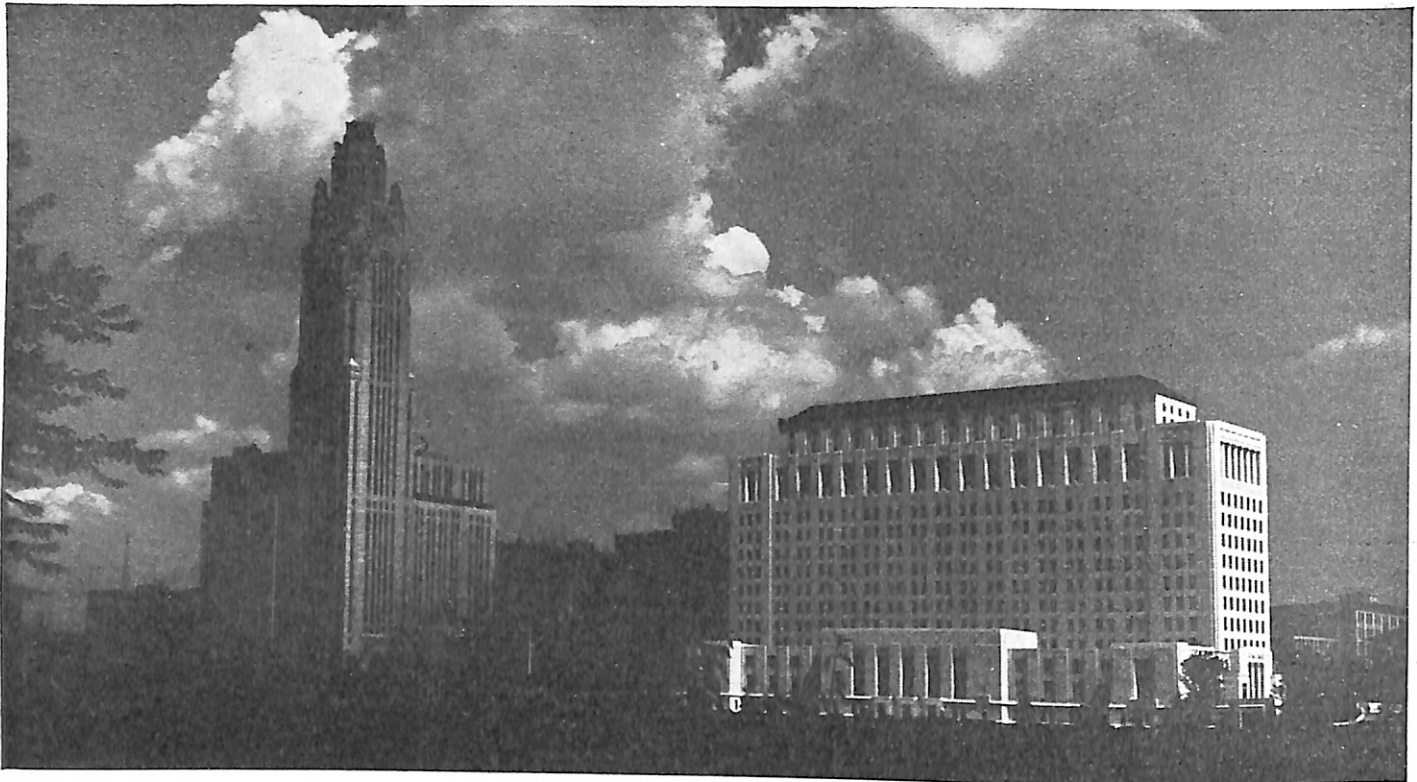
Pol. No. _____ APPLICATION FOR THE NEW SUPER AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT POLICY
Issued _____

I hereby apply to the Federal Life Insurance Company for the New Super Automobile Accident Policy for an annual premium of \$10.00, based upon the following representations:

1. What is your full name?		Sex?	Race?
2. Residence Address?		City?	State?
3. Occupation and duties?	Age?	Date of Birth?	Height? Weight?
4. Name of beneficiary?		Address?	Relationship?
5. (a) Are you maimed, crippled or deformed?	(b) Is your eyesight impaired?	(c) Is your hearing impaired?	
(Extent and Cause)		(Extent and Cause)	
6. Are you now in good health and free from all injury or mental or physical impairment?			
7. In the past five years have you been sick or sustained an injury or had medical or surgical treatment?			
If so, give dates, causes and duration of disability and name and address of attending physician _____			
8. Has any accident, health or life insurance issued to you been cancelled, or such insurance been declined or renewal refused?			
(If so, give name of Company) _____			
9. What other accident insurance have you?			
(Give names of insurers and amounts) _____			
10. Do you understand and agree that each of the above answers is material and full, complete and true?			
This application is signed at _____ this _____ day of _____ 19 _____			
Signature of Applicant _____			

BE SURE Answer All Questions

Then Mail with \$10 to L. J. LEAHY, Manager HOME OFFICE AGENCY
FEDERAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY 168 N. MICHIGAN
CHICAGO, ILL.



On to Columbus in July

It is none too early to start making your plans for attending the 1935 Grand Lodge Convention in Columbus, Ohio, July 15-19. Centrally located, this beautiful City bids fair to welcome a bigger Reunion than any that has taken place in recent years. Above are shown two of Columbus' proudest structures: The American Insurance Union Citadel (left) and the new Ohio State Office Building (right). To the left is depicted the hospitable grill in the Columbus Elks Club

The 1935 National Ritualistic Contest

ON January 17th P.G.E.R. Floyd E. Thompson, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, issued an important announcement regarding the 1935 National Ritualistic Contest. Copies of this year's rules and of the official score cards were sent to officers of State Associations and subordinate Lodges, but additional copies as required may be secured from Mr. Thompson by writing him at 11 South LaSalle Street, Chicago, Ill. Extracts from this bulletin follow:

"There will be a National Ritualistic Contest at the Grand Lodge Reunion in Columbus in July. Suitable prizes will be offered. Now is the time for all State Association Ritualistic Committees to contact the Lodges in their respective States and get the teams ready for competition. The aim should be to have the officers of every Lodge participate in the preliminary contests. The inter-Lodge visits stimulated by these contests and the general improvement in the exemplification of the Ritual will create renewed interest in our beloved Order.

"The dates and places of all State, district and preliminary contests should be

fixed by the State Association Ritualistic Committee. Where the State Association meeting is held prior to the Grand Lodge Reunion, the State contest should be held in connection therewith. In any event it should be held at least 30 days before the dates scheduled for the National Contest. The district contests should be concluded at least two weeks before the State contest is held.

"The offering of a trophy to be awarded the winner of the State Association Ritualistic Contest is recommended. Where one is provided, the Association may impose such conditions as seem wise concerning the awarding and the holding of the trophy. It is suggested that a cash prize be offered for the purpose of helping defray the expenses of the winning team in attending the National Contest, and the payment of the award may be made conditional upon the participation of the team therein.

"The results of the competition in each State shall be immediately reported by the State Committee to the Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations. Notice of entrance in the National Contest must be given at least 20 days before the date of the Grand Lodge Reunion."

State Association Convention

Dates for 1935

ASSOCIATION	CITY	DATE
Florida	Ocala	Apr. 21-22-23
Arizona	Kingman	Apr. 25-26-27
Alabama	Demopolis	May 5-6-7
Texas	Fort Worth	May 10-11
Kansas	Pratt	May 12-13-14
Oklahoma	Enid	May 26-27
Iowa	Muscatine	June 3-4-5
Illinois	Quincy	June 6-7-8
Idaho	Boise	June 7-8
Massachusetts	Adams	June 8-9-10
Indiana	Terre Haute	June 11-12-13
Washington	Walla Walla	June 13-14-15
Mississippi	Vicksburg	June 14
Michigan	Detroit	June 14-15-16
Virginia	Charlottesville	June *
Minnesota	Eveleth	Aug. 8-9-10
Maryland,		
Delaware and		
District of		
Columbia	Havre de Grace	Aug. 12-13-14
West Virginia	Martinsburg	Aug. 12-13-14
Pennsylvania	Hazleton	Aug. 27-28-29
Colorado	Loveland	Aug. *
Ohio	Sandusky	Aug. *
California	Santa Monica	Sept. 26-27-28
New Hampshire	Laconia	Sept. *
Vermont	Springfield	Oct. 6

*Date still to be set

Take It Easy!

by Jay Gelzer

Illustrated by Ronald McLeod

KITTY CONNOR walked by, all dressed up in her best clothes, just as I was signing off duty at the call box on the corner nearest my house.

"How's tricks?" I said as I closed the box. I was being friendly, but she made a face at me, saying something I didn't quite catch, though from her expression I was sure it wasn't complimentary.

Kitty's a looker—red hair, blue eyes, a skin like peaches and cream. Even a copper hates being ribbed by a pretty girl and her being so fresh burned me plenty. "Take it easy," I advised, and I could see she knew I was upset and was pleased about it.

She walked along, head up, skirts switching, with people giving her the eye as she went, and I remembered how she'd always liked Rocco Salvetti better than she had me.

Her folks and my folks are Irish and attend St. Margaret's Church on Polk Street. Rocco and his folks belong to St. Ignazio's parish, and it's a long step between the two, if you know what I mean.

Watching the late afternoon sun shine on her red hair and seeing her shapely ankles twinkle along, it seemed to me I was more in her line than Rocco, and I walked faster until I came alongside of her.

She looked up at me from beneath her hat, which was blue like her eyes, so that her eyes looked even bluer than usual. "Don't walk beside me, copper!" said Kitty. "I haven't done anything."

Calling me copper was a dig when she'd known me all her life, but I knew Rocco'd taught her that, and I said as much.

"Rocco teach you that, Kit? Maybe Rocco's got reasons for not wanting to walk along with coppers. Better ask him where he got the swell new car."

Rocco was riding around these days in a car that had stood somebody better than three grand. He runs a little garage over on the Avenue, but there's never any grease under Rocco's fingernails and profits from the garage never bought that car.

Asking about the car was a shot in the dark but it burned Kitty plenty. She sputtered something at me about my minding my own business and I patted her arm above the elbow.

"Take it easy," I said. "And if you don't want me walking alongside of you professionally, you'd better cut Rocco off your list!"

I went along grinning because I thought I'd put the situation up to her very neatly. Then I stopped grinning because I wanted Kitty Connor to like me and I knew she didn't. As far as I could remember, she'd never liked me, and since I joined the force she never missed a chance to wisecrack at my expense, so that many and many a time I've wondered why it is a man will take from a pretty girl things he'd smack a man down for.

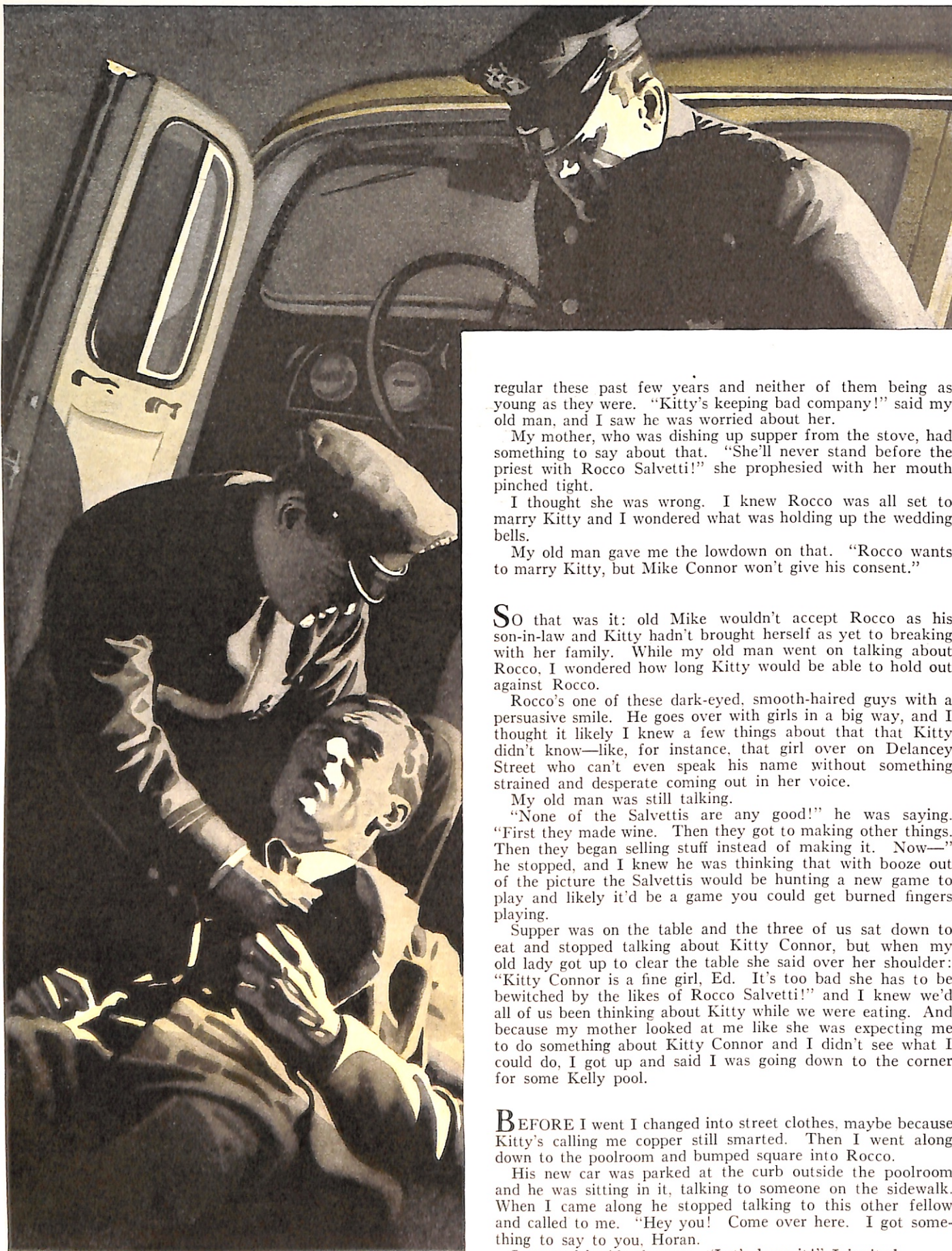
Whatever the answer to that is, I went along home thinking of Kitty, and when I got home I had to talk about her. I said I'd just seen Kitty Connor, and my old man put down the paper he was reading and heaved a big sigh.

He and Kitty's old man spend a lot of time together, what with brick-laying not being too



"Don't walk beside me, copper!" said Kitty. "I haven't done anything"

RM



"You got me, copper!" he said as I knelt down beside him. "Not me," I denied. "I was driving." "Doesn't matter," he said. "My number's up"

regular these past few years and neither of them being as young as they were. "Kitty's keeping bad company!" said my old man, and I saw he was worried about her.

My mother, who was dishing up supper from the stove, had something to say about that. "She'll never stand before the priest with Rocco Salvetti!" she prophesied with her mouth pinched tight.

I thought she was wrong. I knew Rocco was all set to marry Kitty and I wondered what was holding up the wedding bells.

My old man gave me the lowdown on that. "Rocco wants to marry Kitty, but Mike Connor won't give his consent."

SO that was it: old Mike wouldn't accept Rocco as his son-in-law and Kitty hadn't brought herself as yet to breaking with her family. While my old man went on talking about Rocco, I wondered how long Kitty would be able to hold out against Rocco.

Rocco's one of these dark-eyed, smooth-haired guys with a persuasive smile. He goes over with girls in a big way, and I thought it likely I knew a few things about that that Kitty didn't know—like, for instance, that girl over on Delancey Street who can't even speak his name without something strained and desperate coming out in her voice.

My old man was still talking.

"None of the Salvettis are any good!" he was saying. "First they made wine. Then they got to making other things. Then they began selling stuff instead of making it. Now—" he stopped, and I knew he was thinking that with booze out of the picture the Salvettis would be hunting a new game to play and likely it'd be a game you could get burned fingers playing.

Supper was on the table and the three of us sat down to eat and stopped talking about Kitty Connor, but when my old lady got up to clear the table she said over her shoulder: "Kitty Connor is a fine girl, Ed. It's too bad she has to be bewitched by the likes of Rocco Salvetti!" and I knew we'd all of us been thinking about Kitty while we were eating. And because my mother looked at me like she was expecting me to do something about Kitty Connor and I didn't see what I could do, I got up and said I was going down to the corner for some Kelly pool.

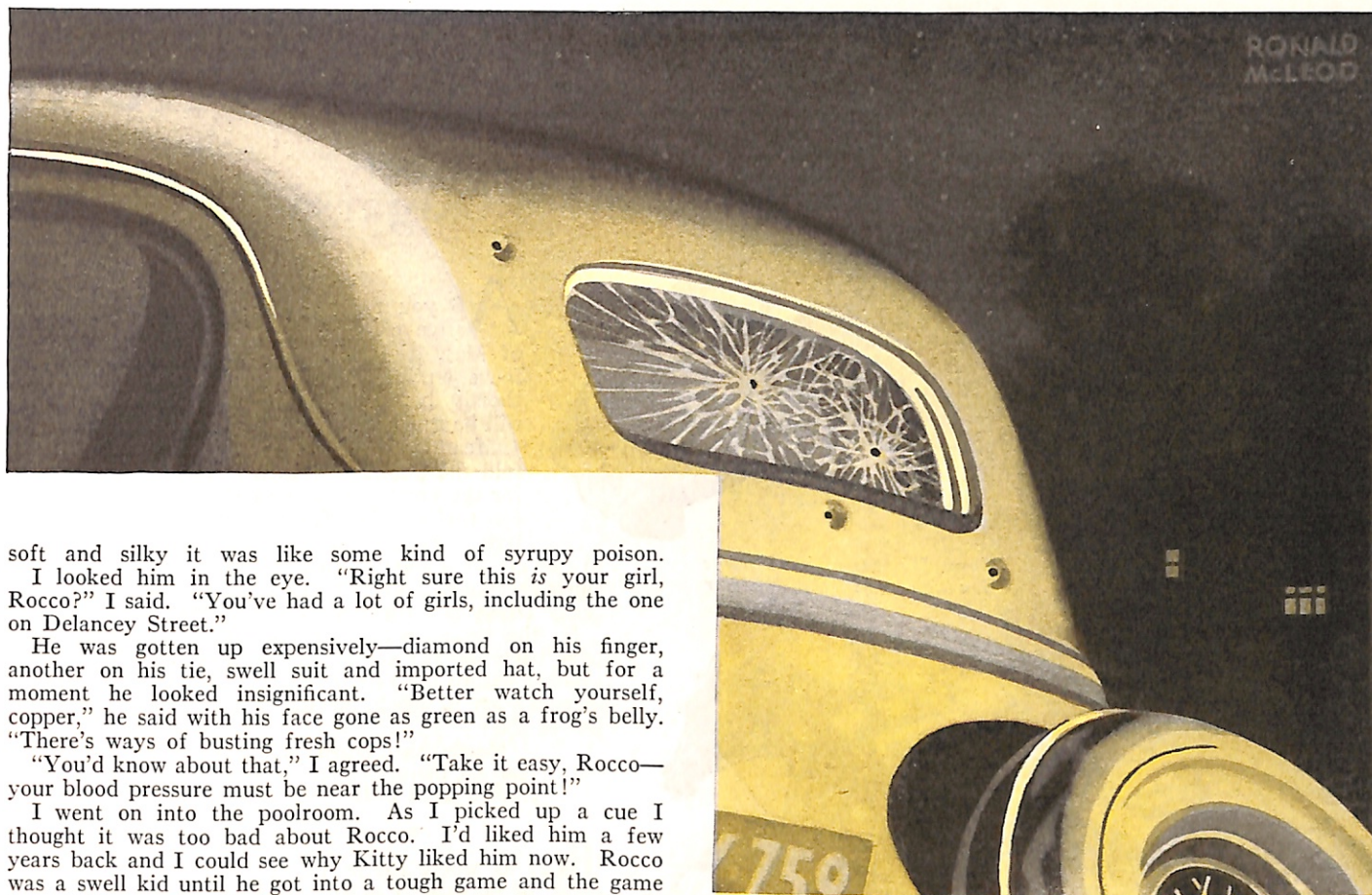
BEFORE I went I changed into street clothes, maybe because Kitty's calling me copper still smarted. Then I went along down to the poolroom and bumped square into Rocco.

His new car was parked at the curb outside the poolroom and he was sitting in it, talking to someone on the sidewalk. When I came along he stopped talking to this other fellow and called to me. "Hey you! Come over here. I got something to say to you, Horan.

I stopped beside the car. "Let's have it!" I invited.

The fellow who'd been talking to Rocco moved away quickly, giving me plenty of room, and for a moment I wished my forty-four was dragging against my hip, but I wasn't really worried.

"Keep away from my girl, copper!" said Rocco, his voice so



soft and silky it was like some kind of syrupy poison. I looked him in the eye. "Right sure this *is* your girl, Rocco?" I said. "You've had a lot of girls, including the one on Delancey Street."

He was gotten up expensively—diamond on his finger, another on his tie, swell suit and imported hat, but for a moment he looked insignificant. "Better watch yourself, copper," he said with his face gone as green as a frog's belly. "There's ways of busting fresh cops!"

"You'd know about that," I agreed. "Take it easy, Rocco—your blood pressure must be near the popping point!"

I went on into the poolroom. As I picked up a cue I thought it was too bad about Rocco. I'd liked him a few years back and I could see why Kitty liked him now. Rocco was a swell kid until he got into a tough game and the game turned him tough. To Kitty he was the same swell kid he'd always been and I felt kinda sorry for him because I knew the crowd he was mixed up with nowadays spelled trouble for Rocco. The trouble about playing with high explosive is you never know just when it's going to blow off or just who'll get blown to bits. Rocco's little playmates were all high explosive, especially Pete Morosco, whose day, according to headquarters, had already lasted too long.

I knew the word was out to get Pete and his pals and for a moment I wished I could pass the office along to Rocco to find himself a new field to pasture in. Then I knew I couldn't do that because I was drawing down my cakes and coffee from the city.

I PLAYED rotten pool that night, and along about eleven o'clock I had enough and went along home. When I got there, I got a surprise: a girl was sitting on the steps waiting for me, and the girl was Kitty Connor.

"You big flatfoot!" greeted Kitty, looking at me like I was dirt. "Are you so dumb you don't know better than to stage a run-in with Rocco? Why Rocco eats dumb coppers for breakfast!"

That burned me worse than usual, though anything she said to me was pretty apt to get under my skin. I came right back at her. "Then one of these days Rocco's due for a swell case of indigestion," I said, and was willing to let it go at that, only she wouldn't have it that way. She was all set to give it to me good and plenty.

"I've been all evening selling Rocco the idea you can't help being dumb and that there's a place in this world even for dumb coppers," she throws at me, and having a redheaded temper that's almost a match for hers, I figured out a way to get back at her.

Reaching out with one arm, I pulled her close before she knew what was happening. "I didn't know you cared so much about my safety and I'm sure grateful!" I said in her ear, kissing her plenty hard.

Her hands drummed against my chest. When I let her go, she slapped me with the full weight of her hand. For a moment we stood glaring at each other with the fighting Irish out strong in both of us.

"If you were in uniform, I'd break you for this!" she said in a whisper, and stopped because her voice gave out on her.

Two men were in the car. One was stone dead. The other slid out

I was glad I wasn't wearing the uniform. Then I looked at her and was sorry I'd kissed her—not because she was so mad she was crying but because her mouth was sweet and I knew I'd not forget that. Times without number I'd be wanting to kiss her again but I wouldn't get the chance. She was Rocco's girl, not mine. He'd told me so, and she was telling me so now, in a different way. It was plain there wasn't much hope for me.

My old man was still up when I let myself in and I saw he was waiting for me. "I got news for you," he says, grinning from ear to ear. "You're joining the radio squad tomorrow."

"Says you!" I said, not quite believing him.

"Says somebody who knows a lot more about the police force than either one of us!"

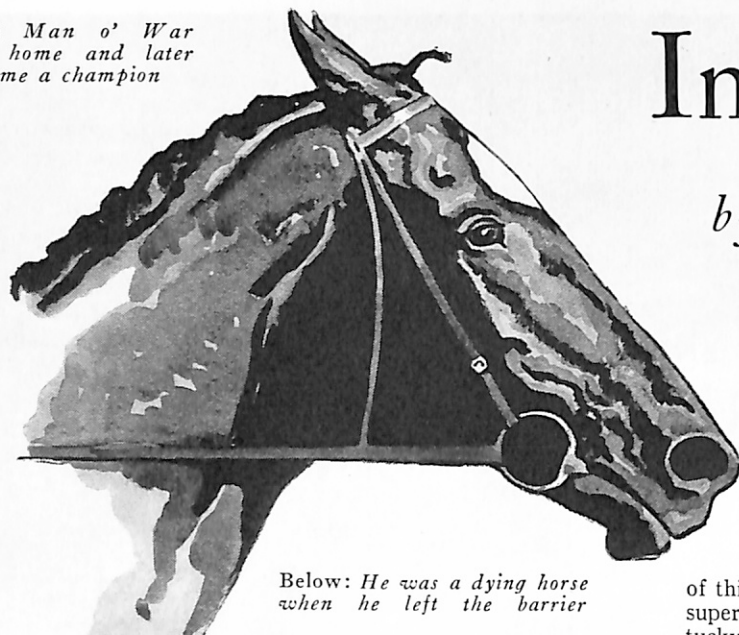
I had to believe him then because I figured he'd been talking to old Jim McGinnis and McGinnis sure knows his groceries when it comes to the police force.

SURE enough, next morning I got my transfer and I was plenty pleased because it's a promotion and because work in the scout cars is exciting. You know what we do, of course—we cruise around in pairs in small cars equipped with radio, and when something breaks in the district we patrol, we get word over the radio to go there pronto. Riding beats pounding the pavements, and there's always the guy who rides with you to talk to, and I liked it plenty, especially as I liked young Tommy Ryan they had me teamed up with.

The only thing I didn't like about it was not seeing Kitty Connor as often as I had in the days when I walked a beat in the precinct we both lived in. It was queer how that girl stuck in my mind. The world's full of girls and it's surprising how many of them have a friendly word for a copper who's not too bad looking. Yet there I was, spending far too much thought on a girl who never even gave me a civil word, let alone a friendly one.

I was surprised when young Ryan spoke of her one night when we were cruising around as usual. It was raining. The streets were slippery and the street lights were casting a thousand reflections on our windshield (*Continued on page 32*)

Below: *Man o' War*
stayed home and later
became a champion



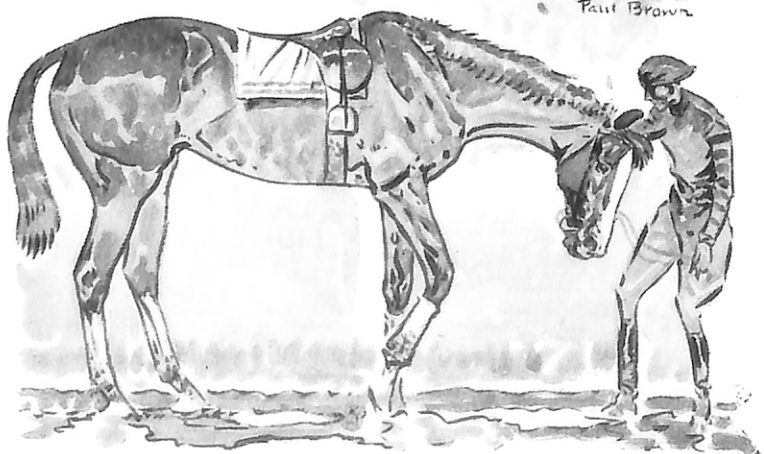
Below: *He was a dying horse*
when he left the barrier



Right: *His muscles and*
nerves had been
strained to the utmost



Below: *Broke down*
in the muck of an
April morning



Improvement

by Odgers T. Gurnee

AS you read this—and until approximately five o'clock (C. S. T.) on the afternoon of May 4th—the eyes of the sports world will focus on The Blue Grass. On that day, and shortly before that time, the Kentucky Derby will be run at Churchill Downs at Louisville.

Meanwhile yards of newspaper type will have told the public how each candidate is preparing for the great test—one of the greatest in American turf annals. Sports writers will have grown lyric over the tradition, the color, the glamour of this classic among thoroughbred racing renewals—this super-spectacle. And make no mistake about it, the Kentucky Derby is a super-spectacle, a glamorous contest.

So the press-agents, the promoters, the scribes will have been 100 per cent. correct—thus far. But on the evening before the race a thousand odd newspapers will carry a story in which, inevitably, will appear some such line as this:

"Nearly two dozen of America's greatest three-year-old thoroughbreds will face the barrier here tomorrow as fit as the hand of man can make them."

THAT is where the writers fall down. That field of great, or potentially great horses will NOT be as fit as the hand of man can make them.

Why?

Because it is not possible to bring a three-year-old out of winter quarters, prepare him for racing during the slush and mud and cold of February, March and April, and send him to the post on May 4, to run a mile and a quarter in competition for the FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE—and have him fit to do his best.

The whole calendar of American racing is wrong—from the standpoint of the horse. And that means the horse lover as well. In explanation let me backtrack.

When Aristides won the first Kentucky Derby more than 50 years ago, racing was conducted in this country primarily as an exhilarating sport—and to breed strength and stamina into the American thoroughbred. Today all state racing associations—either in their preamble or in the corporate name—carry the phrase "for the improvement of the thoroughbred."

That is not true in practice. The American racing system actually is impairing the breed. There are three major faults:

1. It permits, even encourages, the racing of two-year-olds before the bony structure has grown and set.
2. It encourages, almost forces, potentially great three-year-olds to run too far, too soon.
3. It puts a premium on speed and discounts endurance.

Who is to blame? It's not all the promoters' fault. Some of that onus must be shared by stupid or avaricious breeders, trainers and owners.

And the solution, or at least a definite remedial step, is very simple. It involves slight revisions in the racing calendar (see the panel on page 12), the conditions books of individual meetings—and in breeding practice. I would sum up the remedy this way:

1. Bar all two-year-olds from racing until April 1.
2. Fix the Kentucky Derby date for the first Saturday in June; the Preakness date TWO weeks later instead of one.
3. Plan race meet programs to include more stakes and handicaps over a distance of ground; cut down on sprints.
4. Stop inbreeding of "speed lines."

of the Breed

Illustrated by Paul Brown

It's easy to see why the racing of two-year-olds in January and February is injurious. In the first place, many of them aren't two years old at all. Most thoroughbreds are foaled within a three-month span—January 15th to April 15th. But without regard for his actual birth-date, every young racehorse in America is two years old on the second January first after birth. Thereafter he is a year older on each succeeding January first.

Thus some youngster, still growing inside and out, still soft of bone and sinew, is sent to the post before he's 22 months old and kicked along at top speed for three-eighths or half a mile.

For some years Kentucky tried to give the babies a break. It was the rule that two-year-olds weren't two years old until April. Now, however, all states have adopted the January 1st ruling, largely because it started long ago in England. But how differently they handle it over there.

Steve Donoghue, the great British jockey who has won the Epsom Derby seven times, was amazed when he visited Tropical Park in Florida this winter and saw the youngsters running on New Year's Day. Two-year-olds never race in England until late March, he points out. The jockeys in these juvenile races never carry whips and the shortest distance raced is five furlongs.

"American trainers injure many young horses," he said, "by running them so early at such short distances at top speed."

Steve should know. On top of his record string at Epsom he has won another famous stake, the Alexandria at Ascot, six times.

BUT this story is concerned primarily with the Kentucky Derby, the Maryland Preakness and the New York Belmont (the three great three-year-old classics) and the reasons why a revised schedule is necessary if we are to "improve the breed" and nominate annually a champion three-year-old.

I have suggested that the Derby be run a full four weeks later each year than at present. That the Preakness be run two weeks afterward—and the Belmont in September. If this is to be constructive criticism, I must tell my reasons.

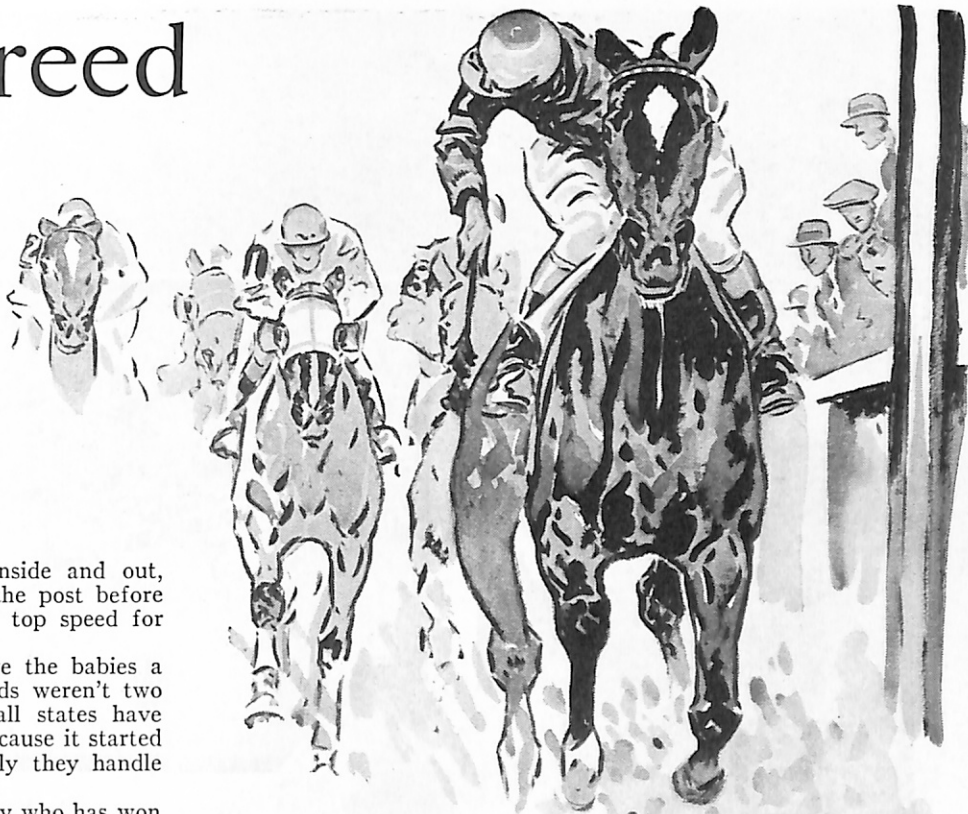
Let me assume that a month before Derby post time there are 100 good three-year-olds in training for the race. Actually only 20 get to the post. What happens to the other 80? One of three things:

1. They showed definite lack of sufficient class.
2. They were injured in an effort to train under adverse conditions.
3. They were unable to reach racing condition because of bad weather, etc.

There have been many years when one of these "Lost Eighty" should have been the best horse of his year. Sometimes he was able to prove it before the end of the season. Man o' War did. I'll tell you later why he didn't win the Derby.

But oftentimes the potential champion who fails to start in the Derby never proves it. Because he never starts. The rigors of training, the injuries of early morning workouts in mud and sleet, have ruined him for racing.

Can one month's delay make so much difference? I think so. It will permit the trainer to bring his charge



Above: A scrappy maiden gelding won the Derby



Right: Died of the shipping fever

Below: Won by a nose—on three legs



Paul Brown



Above, at top: *The National Stallion Stakes race at Belmont Park in 1928. From left to right are Blue Larkspur, the winner; Jean Val Jean and Jack High. The photograph just below shows Cavalcade winning the 1934 Kentucky Derby. At the left is Steve Donoghue, famous British jockey, on Manna, winner of the 1925 English Derby*

Photos by Acme and Brown Bros.

along more slowly. It will let him gallop easily—a slow two miles at one workout, a two-minute mile the next. It will bring him to speed trials only a few weeks before post time. He won't be forced to sprint until after the first of May—a time when, under the the present schedule, he is asked to race that heart-breaking mile and a quarter. In short, he has the entire month of May, a wet month but a reasonably warm one—in which to tighten up.

Then, on the first Saturday in June, he steps out on the track and "goes to town." So far, we hope, so good. But when he comes back to his stall and cools out he is exhausted. Muscles and NERVES have been strained to the utmost. However, if he is to shoot for the three-year-old championship as the schedule is now constructed, he must be loaded on a car and rushed to Maryland, because in exactly seven days he must race again for the Preakness.

THIS business of shipping horses from track to track is one of the most difficult and dangerous things a trainer has to contend with. Hundreds of high-class horses have died of "shipping fever"—and shipping fever is as much sick nerves as it is sick body. So it is manifestly unfair to drive a young horse through the nerve-wracking experience of the Derby, give him a day or less of rest and then load him into a hurtling horse

car, unload him at Pimlico in time for one long workout, one short one—and then run his heart out again.

But if the Preakness is run on the second Saturday following the Derby, the horse can spend three days of rest in Louisville, get his nerves quiet, take a full 24 hours for the trip East, rest another day, and still have eight days of preparation. This would give him four workouts—time to get used to new surroundings and still not lose his edge.

By that time it is mid-June. If his owner wants to try for the American Derby renewal in Chicago, he has a month to ease the colt along, ship him far ahead of post time and not kill him in the process.

Then, if he's a smart owner, he will take the colt out of competition and ship him to Saratoga. In mid-August he can bring him back to racing form and build him up again to razor-sharpness for the greatest of all three-year-old races—the Belmont Stakes at Belmont Park in September.

Under these conditions a true champion has a sporting chance to win all four races. But if the owner elects to pass up the American Derby—it won't detract from his charge's claim. The Kentucky Derby, the Preakness and the Belmont—these constitute the Triple Crown of American racing and any horse who wins them all IS a champion.

(Continued on page 36)

If the Horse Could Pick His Dates

Under the revised racing calendar suggested in this article the Kentucky Derby would not be run until the Saturday following Memorial Day. The Preakness would follow two weeks later, and other classics would follow at spaced intervals. This year, for example, the schedule would read this way:

Date	Track	Race
June 1	Churchill Downs, Ky.	Kentucky Derby
June 15	Pimlico, Md.	Preakness
July 13	Lincoln Fields, Ill.	American Derby
August 1 to 30	Saratoga, N. Y.	Current summer two-year-old stakes
October 5	Belmont Park, N. Y.	Belmont Stakes (3-year-old)
October 12	Belmont Park, N. Y.	Futurity (2-year-old)

This leaves the last two weeks in October and the first week in November for the big two-year-old stakes in Maryland and Kentucky.



A moment he looked up at her. Then he rose and sent his chair crashing behind him

The Night of Nuptials

by Rafael Sabatini

Illustrated by Karl Godwin

WHEN Philip the Good succumbed at Bruges of an apoplexy in the early part of the year 1467, the occasion was represented to the stout folk of Flanders as a favourable one to break the Burgundian yoke under which they laboured. It was so represented by the agents of that astute king, Louis XI, who ever preferred guile to the direct and costly exertion of force.

Charles, surnamed the Bold (*le Téméraire*), the new Duke of Burgundy, was of all the French King's enemies by far the most formidable and menacing just then; and the wily King, who knew better than to measure himself with a foe that was formidable, conceived a way to embarrass the Duke and cripple his resources at the very outset of his reign. To this end did he send his agents into the Duke's Flemish dominions, there to intrigue with the powerful and to stir up the spirit of sedition that never did more than slumber in the hearts of those turbulent burghers.

It was from the Belfry Tower of the populous, wealthy city of Ghent—then one of the most populous and wealthy cities of Europe—that the call to arms first rang out, summoning the city's forty thousand weavers to quit their looms and take up weapons—the sword, the pike, and that arm so peculiarly Flemish, known as the *goedendag*. From Ghent the fierce flame of revolt spread rapidly to the valley of

the Meuse, and the scarcely less important city of Liège, where the powerful guilds of armourers and leather-workers proved to be fully as ready for battle as did the weavers of Ghent.

They made a brave enough show until Charles the Bold came face to face with them at Saint-Trond, and smashed the mutinous burgher army into shards, leaving them in their slaughtered thousands upon the stricken field.

The Duke was very angry. He felt that the Flemings had sought to take a base advantage of him at a moment when it was supposed he would not be equal to protecting his interests, and he intended to brand it for all time upon their minds that it was not safe to take such liberties with their liege lord. Thus, when a dozen of the most important burghers of Liège came out to him very humbly in their shirts, with halters round their necks, to kneel in the dust at his feet and offer him the keys of the city, he spurned the offer with angry disdain.

"You shall be taught," he told them, "how little I require your keys, and I hope that you will remember the lesson for your own good."

On the morrow his pioneers began to smash a breach, twenty fathoms wide, in one of the walls of the city, rolling the rubble into the ditch to fill it up at the spot. When the

operation was complete, Charles rode through the gap, as a conqueror, with vizor lowered and lance on thigh at the head of his Burgundians, into his city of Liège, whose fortifications he commanded should be permanently demolished.

That was the end of the Flemish rising of 1467 against Duke Charles the Bold of Burgundy. The weavers returned to their looms, the armourers to their forges, and the glove-makers and leather-workers to their shears. Peace was restored; and to see that it was kept, Charles appointed military governors of his confidence where he deemed them necessary.

One of these was Claudius von Rhynsault, who had followed the Duke's fortunes for some years now, a born leader of men, a fellow of infinite address at arms and resource in battle, and of a bold, reckless courage that nothing could ever daunt. It was perhaps this last quality that rendered him so esteemed of Charles, himself named the Bold, whose view of courage was that it was a virtue so lofty that in the nature of its possessor there could, perforce, be nothing mean.

So now, to mark his esteem of this stalwart German, the Duke made him Governor of the province of Zeeland, and dispatched him thither to stamp out there any lingering sparks of revolt, and to rule it in his name as ducal lieutenant.

THUS, upon a fair May morning, came Claud of Rhynsault and his hardy riders to the town of Middelburg, the capital of Zeeland, to take up his residence at the Gravenhof in the main square, and thence to dispense justice throughout that land of dykes in his master's princely name. This justice the German captain dispensed with merciless rigour, conceiving that to be the proper way to uproot rebellious tendencies. It was inevitable that he should follow such a course, impelled to it by a remorseless cruelty in his nature, of which the Duke his master had seen no hint, else he might have thought twice before making him Governor of Zeeland, for Charles—despite his rigour when treachery was to be punished—was a just and humane prince.

Now, amongst those arrested and flung into Middleburg gaol as a result of Rhynsault's ruthless perquisitions and inquisitions was a wealthy young burgher named Philip Danvelt. His arrest was occasioned by a letter signed "Philip Danvelt" found in the house of a marked rebel who had been first tortured and then hanged. The letter, of a date immediately preceding the late rising, promised assistance in the shape of arms and money.

Brought before Rhynsault for examination, in a cheerless hall of the Gravenhof, Danvelt's defense was a denial upon oath that he had ever taken or offered to take any part in the rebellion. Told of the letter found, and of the date it bore, he laughed. That letter made everything very simple and clear. At the date it bore he had been away at Flushing marrying a wife, whom he had since brought thence to Middleburg. It was ludicrous, he urged, to suppose that in such a season—of all seasons in a man's life—he should have been concerned with rebellion or correspondence with rebels, and, urging this, he laughed again.

Now, the German captain did not like burghers who laughed in his presence. It argued a lack of proper awe for the dignity of his office and the importance of his person. From his high seat at the judgment-board, flanked by clerks and hedged about by men-at-arms, he scowled upon the flaxen-haired,

fresh-complexioned young burgher who bore himself so very easily. He was a big, handsome man, this Rhynsault, of perhaps some thirty years of age. His thick hair was of a reddish brown, and his beardless face was cast in bold lines and tanned by exposure to the colour of mahogany, save where the pale line of a scar crossed his left cheek.

"Yet, I tell you, the letter bears your signature," he grumbled sourly.

"My name, perhaps," smiled the amiable Danvelt, "but assuredly not my signature."

"Herrgott!" swore the German captain. "Is this a riddle? What is the difference?"

FEELING himself secure, that very foolish burgher ventured to be mildly insolent.

"It is a riddle that the meanest of your clerks there can read for you," said he.

The Governor's blue eyes gleamed like steel as they fastened upon Danvelt, his heavy jaw seemed to thrust itself forward, and a dull flush crept into his cheeks. Then he swore.

"Beim blute Gottes!" quoth he, "do you whet your trader's wit upon me, scum?"

And to the waiting men-at-arms:

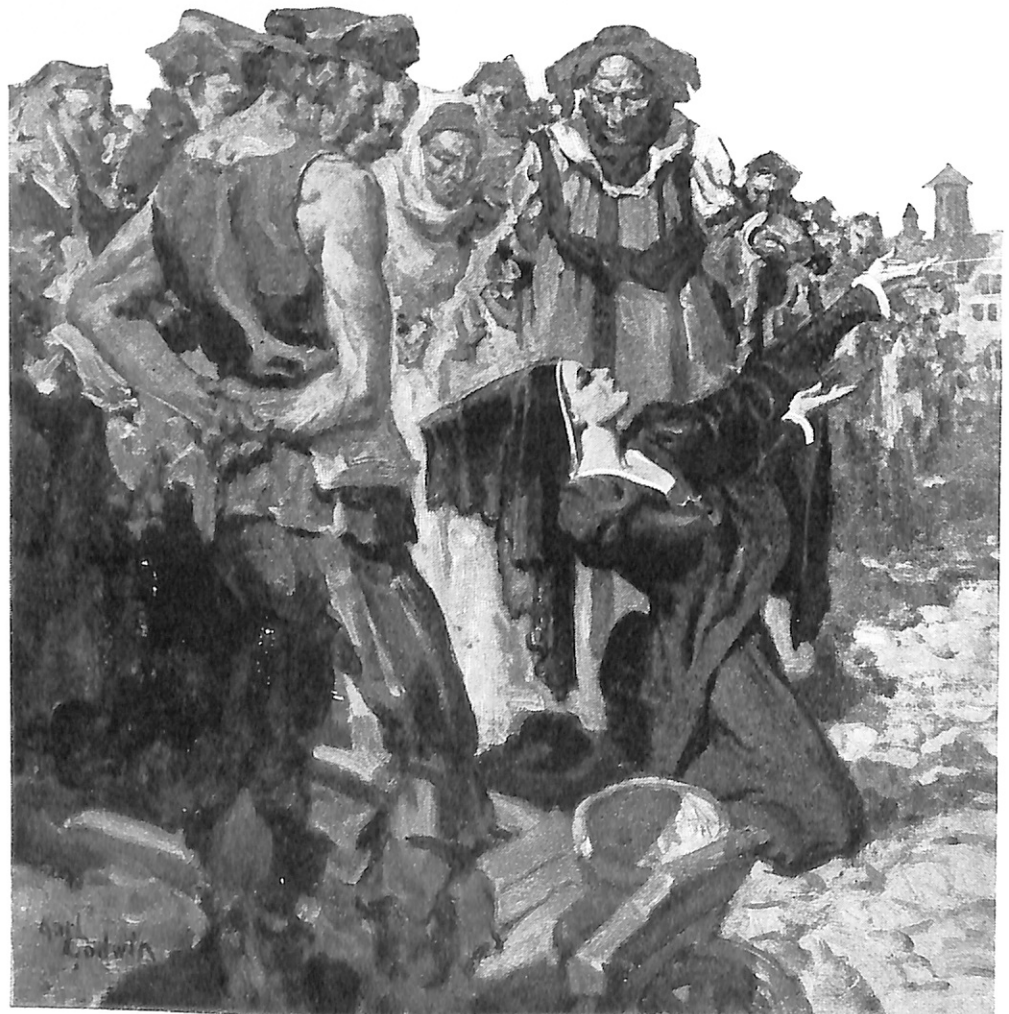
"Take him back to his dungeon," he commanded, "that in its quiet he may study a proper carriage before he is next brought before us."

Danvelt was haled away to gaol again, to repent him of his pertness and to reflect that, under the governorship of Claudius von Rhynsault, it was not only the guilty who had need to go warily.

The Governor sat back in his chair with a grunt. His secretary, on his immediate right, leaned towards him.

"It were easy to test the truth of the man's assertion," said he. "Let his servants and his wife attend and be questioned as to when he was in Flushing and when married."

"Aye," growled von Rhynsault. "Let it be done. I don't



doubt we shall discover that the insolent dog was lying."

But no such discovery was made when, on the morrow, Danvelt's household and his wife stood before the Governor to answer his questions. Their replies most fully bore out the tale Danvelt had told, and appeared in other ways to place it beyond all doubt that he had taken no part, in deed or even in thought, in the rebellion against the Duke of Burgundy. His wife protested it solemnly and piteously.

"To this I can swear, my lord," she concluded. "I am sure no evidence can be brought against him, who was ever loyal and ever concerned with his affairs and with me at the time in question. My lord"—she held out her hands towards the grim German, and her lovely eyes gleamed with unshed tears of supplication—"I implore you to believe me, and in default of witnesses against him to restore my husband to me."

Rhynsault's blue eyes kindled now as they considered her, and his full red lips slowly parted in the faintest and most inscrutable of smiles. She was very fair to look upon—of middle height and most exquisite shape. Her gown, of palest saffron, edged with fur, high-waisted according to the mode, and fitted closely to the

gently swelling bust, was cut low to display the white perfection of her neck. Her softly rounded face



looked absurdly childlike under the tall-crowned hennin, from which a wispy veil floated behind her as she moved.

In silence, then, for a spell, the German mercenary pondered her with those slowly kindling eyes, that slowly spreading, indefinite smile. Then he stirred, and to his secretary he muttered shortly:

"The woman lies. In private I may snare the truth from her."

HE rose—a tall, massively imposing figure in a low-girdled tunic of deep purple velvet, open at the breast, and gold-laced across a white silken under-vest.

"There is some evidence," he informed her gruffly. "Come with me, and you shall see it for yourself."

He led the way from that cheerless hall by a dark corridor to a small snug room, richly hung and carpeted, where a servant waited. He dismissed the fellow, and in the same breath bade her enter, watching her the while from under lowered brows. One of her women had followed; but admittance was denied her. Danvelt's wife must enter his room alone.

Whilst she waited there, with scared eyes and fluttering bosom, he went to take from an oaken coffer the letter signed "Philip Danvelt." He folded the sheet so that the name only was to be read, and came to thrust it under her eyes.

"What name is that?" he asked her gruffly.

Her answer was very prompt.

"It is my husband's, but not the writing—it is another hand; some other Philip Danvelt; there will be others in Zeeland."

He laughed softly, looking at her ever with that odd intentness, and under his gaze she shrank and cowered in terror; it spoke to her of some nameless evil; the tepid air of the luxurious room was stifling her.

"If I believed you, your husband would be delivered from his prison—from all danger; and he stands, I swear to you, in mortal peril."

"Ah, but you must believe me. There are others who can bear witness."

"I care naught for others," he broke in, with harsh and arrogant contempt. Then he softened his voice to a lover's key. "But I might accept your word that this is not your husband's hand, even though I did not believe you."

She did not understand, and so she could only stare at him with those round, brown eyes of hers dilating, her lovely cheeks blanching with horrid fear.

"Why, see," he said at length, with an easy, gruff good-humour, "I place the life of Philip Danvelt in those fair hands to do with as you please. Surely, sweeting, you will not be so unkind as to destroy it."

And as he spoke his face bent nearer to her own, his flaming eyes devoured her, and his arm slipped softly, snake-like round her to draw her to him. But before it had closed its grip she had started away, springing back in horror, an outcry already on her pale lips.

"One word," he admonished her sharply, "and it speaks your husband's doom!"

"Oh, let me go, let me go!" she (Continued on page 40)

Suddenly a woman's voice rang out. "Justice, my Lord Duke of Burgundy! Justice for a poor woman's wrongs!"

by
Phillips
Coles

Best and Broadcast

Roy Lee Jackson



Roy Lee Jackson

Strewn across the top left corner of the page are some pleasant Lombardo boys who with their playing, singing, and bandleading have bitten off a large chunk of Radio's fame and dough. Because of the peculiarly distinctive charm of its music, Guy Lombardo's Orchestra holds a ranking position as one of the most popular dance bands in the country

At lower left is the beautiful blonde head of Grace Moore, the opera star who crashed into headlines and won various and sundry awards for warbling into radio and motion picture microphones. In either medium Miss Moore is a great treat



Ben Pinchof

Above, center, is Betty Wragge, a demure little lass who, tri-weekly for NBC, turns herself into Betty Davis—a starring juvenile role in the "Red Davis" program. She hangs out with her blue-blooded little pal, "Rascal", who is shown with her. A spunky little wire-haired fox-terrier, Rascal is also a highly important member of the Red Davis cast

At top right is the cast of the "March of Time" working out in one of the handsome studios of the Columbia System. Broadcast by TIME MAGAZINE, this is one of the most vital programs Radio has to offer and it promises much for the future



Serving 'Em Up

by Hugh Fullerton



Three famous pitchers, Eddie Cicotte (at left in circle), Mordecai Brown (at right) and, in the center, the immortal Christy Mathewson

POSSIBLY because I once thought myself a pitcher, the art of pitching a baseball always has been my chief interest in the game. I had speed, control, nice curves—yet I was a bad pitcher. When I discovered that I was very effective in pitching to bad hitters and very poor when pitted against good batters, I became a second baseman. Ever since then I have tried to grasp the reason for the success or failure of pitchers, and to try to analyze their deliveries.

For many years, while traveling with ball clubs or visiting them in training camps or on their home parks, I would get some outstanding pitcher to show me his "stuff" and explain to me what he was trying to do with the ball. In all that time I never have seen two who were alike, and it seems to me there are as many types of deliveries and ways of throwing a ball as there are biological variations in the human race.

Studying the present-day successful pitchers, there is one thing which astonishes me. That is that while many of them have as good arms, as good brains and as fine an assortment of speed, curves and twists as the old-timers possessed, the great majority do not and have not studied pitching as an art, nor have they worked for perfection in some variant of a thrown ball. I recall one afternoon sitting with "Big Moose" Ed Walsh, one of the greatest pitchers in baseball history. Big Ed was in the dumps. He had been beaten and driven off the slab by a weak club. Shaking his fine head sadly, he said:

"I wish I had known half as much about pitching when my arm was good as I know now. Nobody ever would have made a foul off me."

The history of pitching is simple. The pitcher always has

held the ascendancy over the batter—so much so that every rule (except the foul strike rule) governing the delivery of the ball has been passed to handicap the pitcher and prevent him from becoming too great an element in the sport. Baseball has just passed through an era of "trying to throw 'em past 'em," as the ball player would express it. This was brought about because the batters started "swinging" for home runs instead of "just meetin' 'em," which was what used to be considered good batting. Now there are unmistakable evidences that some, at least, of the pitchers, are reverting to the use of brains and cunning instead of brute strength and speed, and that again they are acquiring ascendancy over the batters and forcing the "swingers" to shorten up on their bats and try to "just meet 'em."

Speed and a fast-breaking curve are, of course, the basic stock-in-trade of pitchers, yet it is certain that none of the great pitchers was really a finished product until he commenced to lose speed and his arm began to weaken, forcing him to study the art of deceiving batters. The greatest of them all, I believe, was Christy Mathewson. I put Matty ahead of Walter Johnson, Ed Walsh, Amos Rusie, John Clarkson, Ed Reulbach, Mordecai Brown and other great pitchers because Matty was a success at three kinds of pitching. He came into the big leagues from Bucknell College as a fast-ball pitcher with dazzling speed, and achieved considerable success as a fast-ball pitcher. When the keenness commenced to disappear from his fast ball, he developed a curve—two curves, in fact—a very fast-breaking curve and a slow, curiously twisting one. Using these with an occasional flash of speed, he became one of the great pitchers of the country. Then his arm weakened and we thought Matty was done—worn out by his early fast-ball pitching. I remember figuring that Matty was about through as a pennant-winning element when I went South to visit the clubs in spring training. His arm had weakened badly the preceding fall.

At the Giants training quarters I found Matty far out in one corner of the lot and walked over to shake hands. He was



Above, left to right: *Phil Douglas, Amos Rusie, Ed Rheulbach and Rube Waddell*

going through odd motions while I squatted on the ground and talked to him. He was stepping first one way, then another, as he threw the ball. Finally I grabbed a mitt and went up to catch the ball and throw it back to him while asking about his arm. He said it was sore and not so good. He kept throwing that way for perhaps fifteen minutes. Finally he said "that's enough," just as he let loose of the ball. That ball came up toward me, seemed to stop, then dropped almost to my feet as if it had hit something and been deflected downward.

"Hey, what was that?" I demanded.

"Must have slipped," he remarked, grinning.

That was the first I ever saw of Matty's famous "fadeaway," a form of slow ball which again made him the great pitcher of the country and prolonged his career for years.

It always has been enlightening, in studying pitching, to get out on the field in practice and warm up with the pitchers. I have done this with a great many, and besides that I used to sit for hours during games and in practice, watching them through high-power glasses, to see what the ball was doing in the air. In those days relations between a reporter and the team he was traveling with were different from what they are today. Now he is expected to be a sort of ballyhoo artist or press-agent, and then he was a sort of excess member of the team. If the players liked him he was received into the innermost councils and permitted to play in games on exhibition trips—if he could stand the inevitable horseplay of those athletes who delighted in showing up a scribe.

THE "outsider" usually was not welcome. I remember having an experience with one of them. While Matty was, in my estimation, the greatest pitcher of them all, Clark Griffith, now owner of the Washington team, knew more about pitching and its science than any man who ever stepped on a slab—even more than his tutor, Charlie Radbourne, who, according to the old-timers, was the greatest of his time. One day a noted professor in Massachusetts Tech came to the hotel in Boston and introduced himself to me, saying he was studying the physics of the spit-ball and desired some information.

I introduced him to Ed Walsh, who is one of the most obliging and delightful fellows, and as Ed was not working, we took the professor to the park early and Ed showed him his stuff.

The famous man was tremendously interested. I explained to him that while Ed could show him how it was done and how the ball reacted to certain pressures and slips, he did not know why it did so, and advised him to see Griffith when the team reached Boston. I gave him a card of introduction and left a note at the hotel for Grif, telling



Above: *Grover Alexander, who pitched a fast, curve or slow ball with great cunning*

At left on opposite page: *Walter Johnson, one of the greatest speed-ball pitchers*

Photos for Pages 17, 18 and 19 by Brown Brothers

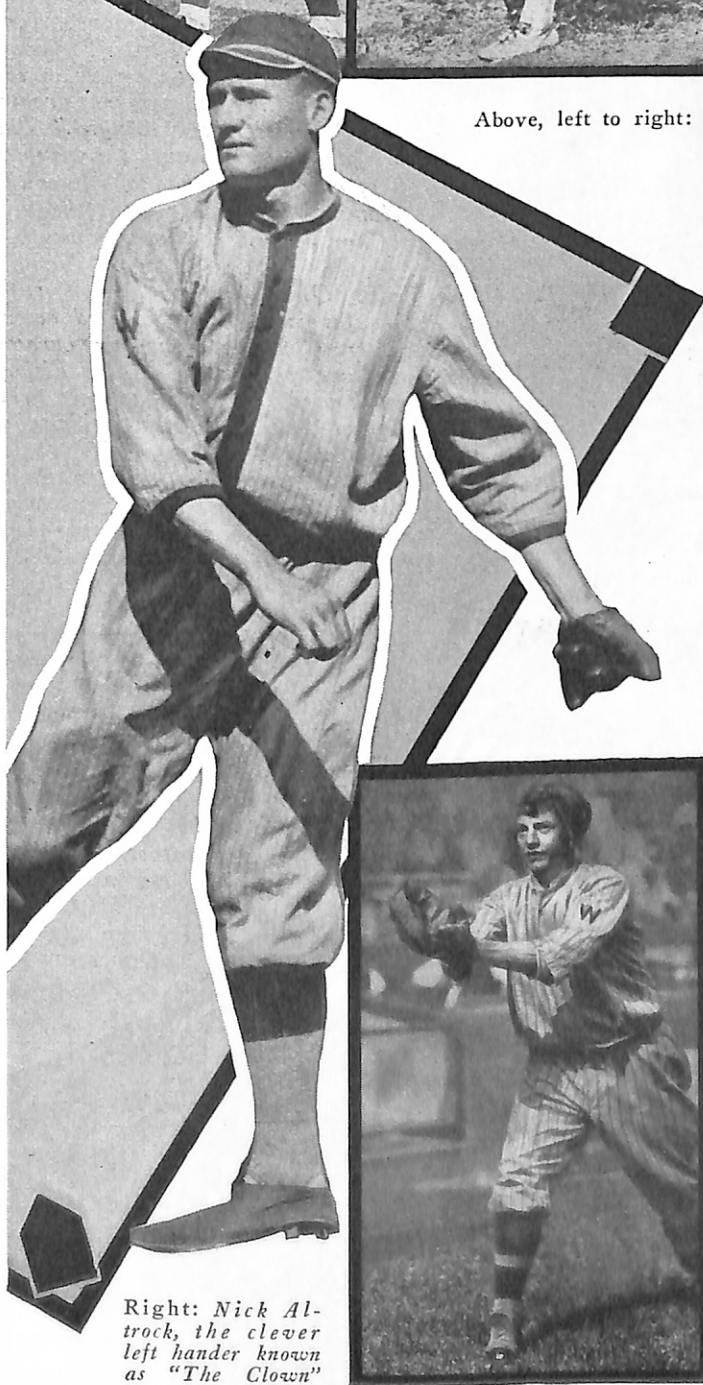
him that the professor would call on him and asking him to co-operate. Griffith did. He explained and demonstrated for hours, and then wrote me a note saying:

"Keep them damned nuts away from me."

I heard the professor's lecture on the spit-ball. He explained it on the theorem of flowing liquids, but I was lost before he reached the second equation and might as



Above, left to right: "Lefty" Leiffield, Clark Griffith, Russ Ford and Ed Walsh



Right: Nick Altrock, the clever left hander known as "The Clown"

well have been listening to Einstein explaining the N.R.A.

Griffith was not only an apt pupil, but, having learned the theory, he improved upon it. Radbourne was a neighbor of the Griffith family at Bloomington, Ill., and when Clark was a small lad, "Red" set him to work. Grif placed a mark on the back of the barn; a cross, with the horizontal line at the waist height of a batter. He pitched at this mark hour after hour, placing the ball above, below, inside and outside, until he had acquired perfect control. When he came to the Chicago club from Milwaukee, where he had played for a short time, and joined Anson's team, he was a little bit of a dark-skinned fellow who weighed about 120 pounds. The first day he appeared on the field a sympathetic lady in the stands was heard to exclaim, "It's a shame to let that little boy play with those big, rough men."

GRIF never lived that down. Studious, inventive, argumentative, Grif became suddenly the sensation of baseball; another Radbourne. He was, perhaps, with the exception of "Nig" Cuppy, the slowest pitcher in history—delaying, stalling, arguing, tantalizing batters before throwing, and then suddenly delivering the very ball they did not expect. I recall once in Washington a duel between him and "Kip" Selbach, a great hitter. Selbach was at bat in a crisis of the game. Griffith teased, taunted and nagged at Selbach until the big hitter was wild. The count had been worked down to four balls and two strikes (I think that that year five bad balls were allowed). At any rate, one ball was left to decide the game and Selbach was daring Griffith to pitch. Griffith suddenly tossed the ball underhand in a high arc toward the plate. Selbach, over-eager, stepped and lunged forward, fell to his hands and knees, and the ball, passing over his back, was called a strike. He started for Griffith with his bat when he was called out.

Griffith never revealed the secret of his great success. He used to have a habit of striking the ball on the heel of his shoe before pitching, claiming he was jarring the dirt from his spikes. Batters raged and declared he was "nicking" the cover on his spikes, "winging" the ball to make it do contortion acts in the air. The umpire never could find any scars on the cover, but I always have believed that Grif discovered the secret of the "emery" ball of later years long before it was heard of, and that he got the secret from his tutor.

It never is safe to say in baseball that anyone was "first" to do anything. One hot night in Washington, soon after Elmer Stricklett was (Continued on page 44)



Above:
Left to right,
Eric Wollencott,
Owen Davis, Jr.,
Moffat Johnston,
Elena Miramova, Mary
Sargent, Fania Marinoff
and Robert Loraine in the
thrilling and poignant drama,
"Times Have Changed." The
play has to do with the troubles
of an older brother who loses the
family fortune and with the joys
of an impoverished younger brother



Left: One of this Department's
stage favorites is the talented actor,
Walter Connolly. In his current
Broadway production, "The Bishop
Misbehaves," he takes the part of a
bishop of the British countryside who,
while a good Churchman, also fancies
himself as an expert sleuth. Such he
turns out to be, and in the process of
tracking down the villains of the piece
many amusing and exceedingly
well acted incidents take place

Below: Al Jolson in a scene from
"Go Into Your Dance," another
of those popular movies which
combine a good plot with much
lively melody. In addition to
Mr. Jolson, the cast includes
Ruby Keeler, Helen Morgan,
Bobby Connolly and
several others. Moreover, the music and
lyrics, by Harry
Warren and Al
Dubin, are fine



On Stage and Screen

Above:
Eleanor Powell, a headliner in "George White's 1935 Scandals," the second of the well-known producer's contributions to the movies. The show, an elaborate one, is presented by a cast which includes such stars as Alice Faye, James Dunn, and George White himself. What's more, the music and dancing are first rate

Right: Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in the screen version of Victor Herbert's "Naughty Marietta." Old timers need not be reminded of the virtues of this delightful operetta, and youngsters who have an ear for good tunes should have learned by this time the excellence of Herbert's music. The cast for this production is a splendid one. In addition to being able to act, the leading performers have, for the most part, very excellent voices

Below: A scene from "Life Begins at 40," Will Rogers' latest screen comedy. The inimitable laugh-provoking Westerner is seen here snoozing after the rigors of a picnic lunch. At the left, also taking her ease, is Jane Darwell, while above her, quite wide awake, are Richard Cromwell and the very attractive Rochelle Hudson





EDITORIAL

COSTLY CARELESSNESS

THE statistics relating to fatalities and major injuries from automobile accidents in the United States during 1934 present a shocking record. For every fifteen minutes of that year, a life was snuffed out. For every fifteen seconds, an injury was thus inflicted. The facts constitute a grave indictment against motorists generally; for a very large percentage of the accidents were due to the carelessness of drivers.

Speed, as unnecessary as it was reckless, counted its victims by the thousands. Disregard of traffic regulations, as plain as they were reasonable, accounted for additional thousands. Other accidents, comparable in numbers, were ascribed to failures to observe the most obvious requirements of courtesy and consideration.

It is quite likely that every reader of this editorial, who drives a car, has been an offender, even if he has been fortunate enough to escape a contribution to the list of victims.

The subject is one which cannot be called too frequently to the attention of automobile operators, with an earnest plea for the exercise of greater caution, in the interest of human life and of public safety. The dangers involved are known to all to whom permits to drive are issued. Realization of what is at stake should, of itself, insure a ready response to such a plea. And the severest penalties of the law should be imposed upon those who persistently disregard it.

The careful operation of an automobile is not only a duty imposed by positive law, but a duty of good citizenship; as much so as obedience to any law enacted for the protection of the public health, public morals, or public peace. If that obligation be not more generally observed, then drastic measures must be adopted to enforce it. The cost of carelessness in this matter is too appalling to contemplate as a recurrent item. Every motorist should pledge his aid to reduce it to an unavoidable minimum.

BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

AT its last annual meeting, the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America adopted a most gratifying resolution, expressing appreciation of the support and cooperation which had been accorded to it in past years by the Order of Elks. And, with the approval of the Grand Exalted Ruler, it has recently issued a booklet, entitled, "The Elks and The

Boy Scouts," containing an appreciative Foreword and numerous suggestions as to how Elks most effectively may promote Boy Scout activities.

The objects and purposes of the Boy Scouts of America must command the respect and sympathetic interest of every true Elk, for, in the final analysis, they are similar to those of our Order. Both are seeking to build character and patriotic loyalty into American citizenship.

That Organization, having a membership of more than one million American boys, is now engaged upon a nation-wide celebration of its twenty-fifth birthday, with a program of special events continuing throughout the year. It would seem, therefore, to be a propitious time for subordinate Lodges to give special and generous consideration to the further aid of this foremost agency of the Youth Movement in our country.

There are many ways in which an Elks Lodge may appropriately encourage and foster the Scout troops of its community. If it desires to engage upon such an enterprise, a conference with the local Scout executive will disclose what is most needed in its jurisdiction, so that it may most intelligently cooperate in the accomplishment of the current local Scout objective.

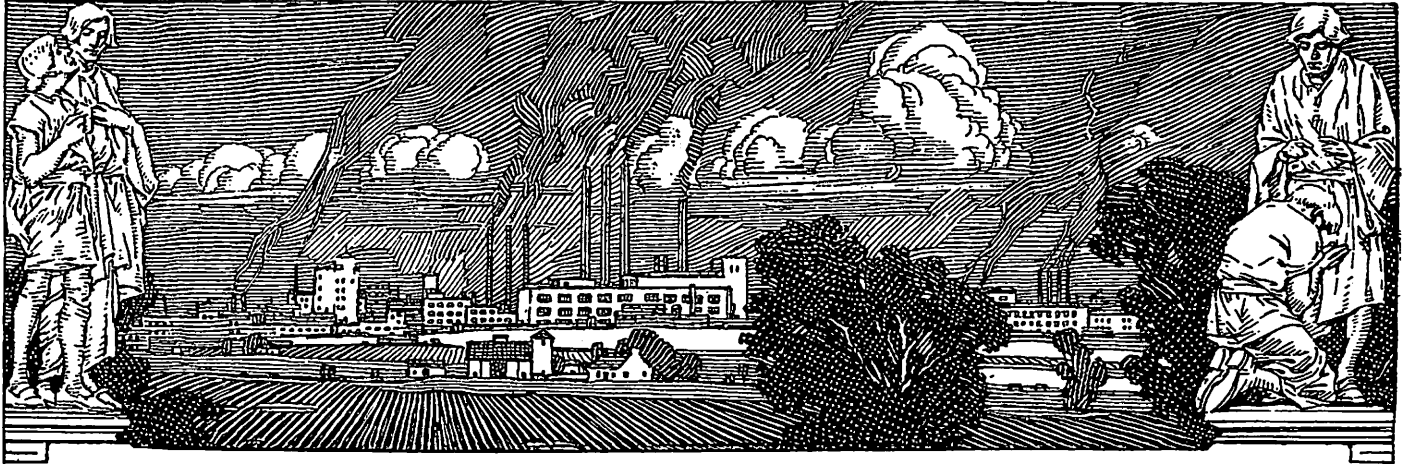
At least, many of the Lodges can assist the local Scout troops to finance their participation in the National Jamboree, to be held in Washington in August. This is planned to be the greatest gathering of Boy Scouts ever held in America. Every Boy Scout in the country is dreaming about this wonderful demonstration and yearning to take part in it.

Here is a splendid opportunity for subordinate Lodges to make boyish hearts happy; and at the same time to assist in providing experiences which will be a lasting inspiration to cleaner manhood and better citizenship. Surely that is something well worth doing.

PUBLIC OPINION

PUBLIC opinion is an intangible force. Sometimes it is developed from sources difficult to trace. Again it is the product of influences which all may recognize. Not infrequently it is purposely fostered by obvious methods. But always, when it is definitely crystallized and in operation, it is an almost irresistible power controlling human conduct.

In a recent public utterance, Attorney General Cummings referred to it as an essential element in the fields of law enforcement. As he expressed it: "No sustained movement to deal with crime can be initiated with real hope of success unless there is an informed and aggressive



public opinion supporting our law enforcement authorities in their different fields."

Since crime, in its modern phases, constitutes a peculiar challenge to the combined agencies of our federal, state and local governments designed to defeat it, it becomes obvious that those agencies should be actively and consistently sustained and supported by public sentiment.

The whole country has been gratified by the success with which certain designated public enemies have been eliminated as active criminals by the federal authorities. It is conceded that their special activities have been stimulated by the public demand therefor. It is equally clear, from past experience, that such continued effective enforcement can be insured and a corresponding effectiveness inspired in other agencies, only if the force of public opinion be maintained in aggressive operation.

Law enforcement is something in which every good citizen has an interest and as to which he owes a duty. And any organization which may assist in moulding public opinion into a definite demand for such enforcement is performing a patriotic service by exerting its influence to that end.

The Order of Elks, through its subordinate Lodges and their constituent members, is admirably adapted to the fostering of such a public sentiment. The possession of this capability creates a duty to exercise it; a duty which should not be neglected but which should be faithfully observed.

A GREAT PRO-AMERICA PARADE

IN his recent official Circular, Grand Esquire McCormick announced that the annual parade at Columbus is to be a spectacular climax of the Grand Exalted Ruler's program of Americanism, which he has so earnestly and vigorously conducted throughout his administration. The plan is to accentuate the patriotism of the Order in what he has designated as a "Pro-America Parade."

The idea is one which lends itself readily to an effective pageantry through which the Order may give an inspiring demonstration of its power and influence as a great patriotic Fraternity. It is hoped, indeed it is anticipated, that the State Associations and subordinate Lodges will generously respond to the Grand Esquire's appeal, to the end that the parade may fully achieve this fine purpose.

The fraternal importance of the subject justifies this reminder; as it does the renewed suggestion that the success of the plan involves preparations which should not be delayed until the last few days before the Convention. They should be promptly inaugurated so as to insure creditable participation in what promises to be a great American Pageant and Parade.

AS THE TWIG IS BENT

EVIDENCES are continually cropping up, here and there, that many of the students in our public schools and educational institutions are becoming imbued with unpatriotic and unwholesome ideas. The frequency and wide distribution of these examples would be rather startling if they were fully collated. They indicate that a teacher or instructor in one place, a college professor in another, is filling the minds of those under his tutelage with unhealthy doctrines, quite out of accord with American concepts.

The danger involved does not, perhaps, constitute an imminent national menace; but it is aggravated by the fact that the receptive mind of youth is fallow field for such cultivation and is stubbornly retentive of early impressions. To change the metaphor, the twig thus bent is apt to grow into a tree of distorted shape.

Parents generally pay too little attention to the instruction which their children receive. It is so easy, during eight or nine months of the year, to turn them over to the school authorities as a sort of relief from the obligation of home training and influence. The responsibility is shifted all too readily, without careful investigation as to the atmosphere in which they spend so much of their time.

It is easy enough to assume that the state and local jurisdictions provide specially trained teachers, whose qualifications are carefully examined. That may be accepted as true, insofar as text book preparation is concerned and with respect to moral habits. But there is much more than that involved in the proper training and education of the young.

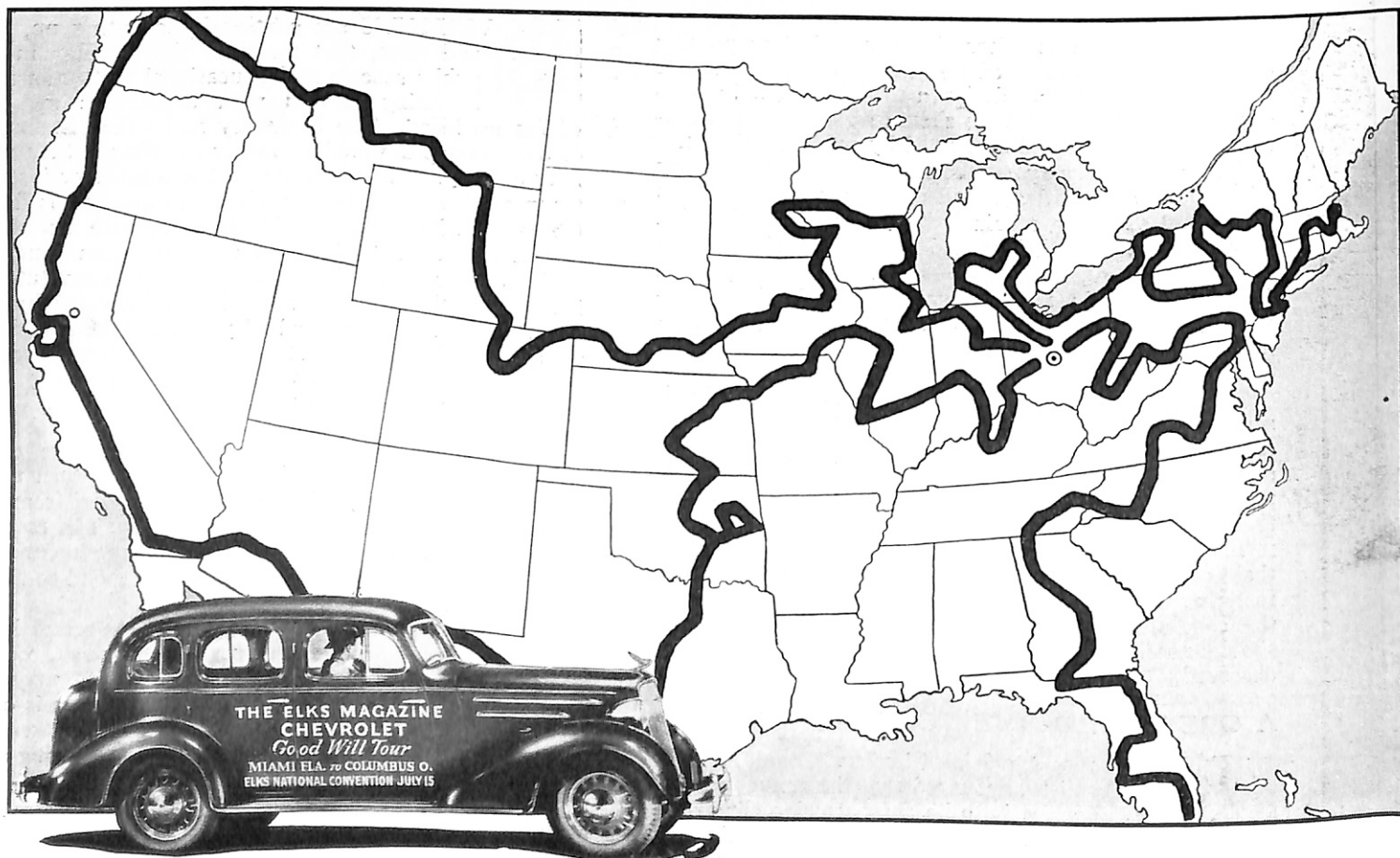
The obligations of parenthood are not fully met by a mere provision of maintenance for the child. The watchful supervision of his mental, moral and physical development is no less a parental duty which cannot conscientiously be wholly delegated to others.

Every father owes it to his child, as well as to himself and to society, to know the training environments which surround that child at school, the influences to which he is being subjected. And failure to observe the obligation to acquaint himself with these conditions, and to see that they are kept wholesome and desirable, is neglect of one of the most important of life's duties.

The many Parent-Teachers Associations, all over the country, are designed to provide that watchful supervision over the training of the young, which is the proper function of both elements of such organizations. A parent who does not avail himself of the opportunities they afford, or who does not give the matter individual attention, is not playing a proper part in community life. The failure may prove a costly one, and one to be bitterly regretted.

CHOOSE CHEVROLET FOR

... whether you Circle the Nation
(like the Elks Magazine Good Will Tour)



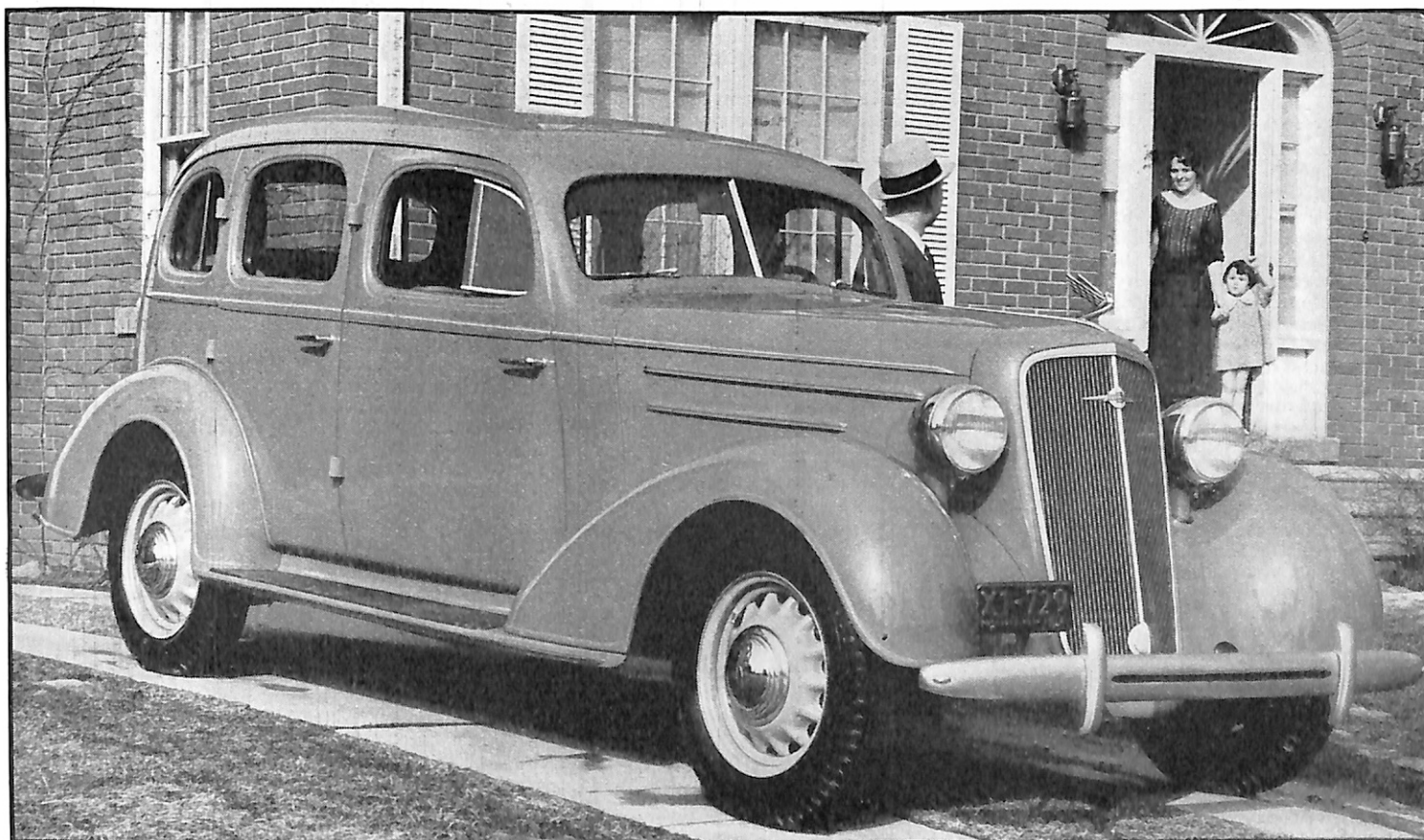
BETWEEN May 25th and July 15th, Elks throughout the United States will witness dramatic proof of Chevrolet reliability, Chevrolet economy, Chevrolet performance. Eight new Chevrolets will carry the Elks Magazine Good Will Ambassadors on the 1935 Tour. More than 30,000 miles will be traveled—over every type of road, through extremes of temperature and hazards of weather. Chevrolet was nominated for this difficult job because Chevrolet quality assured complete dependability, ruggedness, ample power, easy handling, comfortable riding, and important savings on gas, oil, and maintenance costs.

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T FOR 1935

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Braddock, Pa., Lodge Host at Notable Meeting

Scott E. Drum, Pres. of the Pa. State Elks Assn., was guest of honor at the largest district meeting ever held by the S.W. Dist. Assn. of Pa., at Braddock, Pa., Lodge, No. 883. More than 600 Elks and their ladies were present, taxing the capacity of the commodious Home of the Lodge. During the business session of the delegates, the ladies were entertained at cards by the Ladies Auxiliary of No. 883. At six o'clock a banquet was spread for all present, followed by a floor show featuring the well-known Carr Family of singers, dancers and comedians. A dance followed the entertainment.

Except for the annual State conventions, this was possibly the most notable gathering of Elks ever held in the State. In addition to Pres. Drum there were present five other officers of the State Assn., including Vice-Pres. Frank J. Lyons, Trustees James G. Bohlender, Mayor of Franklin, Ralph C. Robinson and Clarence O. Morris, and Chaplain the Rev. M. F. Bierbaum; five Past Pres.'s—F. J. Schrader, George F. J. Falkenstein, Dr. D. S. Ashcom, John F. Nugent and M. F. Horne; two D.D.'s—James A. Ellis of Pa. S.W., and John T. Lyons of Pa. N.W.; and 18 P.D.D.'s. There were visitors from 47 Lodges and five of the seven districts of the State were represented.

At the business session plans were formulated for the attendance of large delegations from the S.W. Dist. at the forthcoming meeting of the State Assn. at Hazleton Lodge, of which Mr. Drum is a P.E.R. The State President made an impressive address in which he outlined the plans of Hazleton Lodge for the entertainment of visitors and delegates at the Convention, and stressed the importance of the whole-hearted cooperation of all Elks with the Grand Exalted Ruler in his program for the suppression of Communistic activities.

John F. Nugent, Correspondent

Union City, Ind., Lodge Host to District Association

Union City, Ind., Lodge, No. 1534, will be host to the Central Ind. Elks Assn. meeting to be held April 6-7 in that City. Grand Secy. J. Edgar Masters is expected to be present along with other Grand Lodge, State Assn. and District officers, including State Pres. Clarence J. Joel and D.D. Ollie M. Berry. Several Ohio State Assn. and District officers have signified their intention of attending this important meeting. Union



State President Scott E. Drum (fourth from the left in front) and a group of notable Pennsylvania Elks in attendance at a meeting of the Southwestern Pennsylvania District at Braddock Lodge

City Lodge is preparing to receive 500 Elks.

The meeting will include among its activities a parade led by the Noblesville, Ind., Lodge Band, stag affairs, dancing and card parties, special entertainments for the ladies, and the initiation of Indiana and Ohio candidates into the Order by the Ind. State Champion Degree Team of Frankfort Lodge.

Foundation Scholarship Winner a Coming Athlete

A great athletic future is predicted for Carroll Ross Layman, the 18-year-old Harvard Freshman who was awarded \$1,000 by the Elks National Foundation Trustees last summer. The award was made to Mr. Layman as "the most valuable student in the graduating class of a high or preparatory school or in any class of college."

Disclosure of the athletic prowess of the young native of Du Quoin, Ill., comes with his winning one of the semi-finals of the 45-yard high hurdles in the National and Inter-collegiate Hurdle Championship at the Garden Games in Boston, Mass. Layman's time was 6 1/5 seconds, 2/5 of a second away from the world mark.

Although he has been hurdling but three years, in his first year of competition young Layman went to the finals in the Illinois State High Hurdle Championship. A rangy, powerful young man, standing six feet, one inch, and weighing 175 pounds, he is expected by Coach Eddie Farrell to make a spectacular showing at Harvard. Layman played four years of football and four years of basketball when in high school. Last Fall at Harvard he demonstrated his gridiron skill when he made his numerals on the Freshman eleven against Yale. He was an end and halfback on his school eleven, and a center and guard on the basketball quintet.

Officers of Minot, N. D., Lodge Win Flag

Minot, N. D., Lodge, No. 1089, by virtue of the splendid ritualistic work performed by its officers, headed by E.R. Gailen H. Frosaker, has been adjudged the winner of a large silk American flag provided by former Governor L. B. Hanna, of Fargo, Pres. of the N. D. State Elks Assn.

The announcement was made by D.D. E. H. Weil, who judged the ritualistic work of the 10 Lodges in the State. Mr. Weil used a point basis to determine the winner, and judged Minot Lodge's officers to be practically perfect in their exemplification. To become permanent possessor of the flag, Minot Lodge must win it three consecutive times. The flag was offered for the first time this year.

Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon addressed a letter to Pres. Hanna, complimenting him on his act in offering a flag to the Lodge performing the best ritualistic work, in which he said in part: "The American Flag certainly means more to Elksdom and more to the American Nation since Communism has spread its insidious influence throughout the country, and we will hope that we will ever keep it to the fore and that the Order now demonstrating militant patriotism will always do so."

The crippled children's work being carried on by Minot Lodge is going forward with increasing results. Three children are now in hospitals receiving treatment through the influence of the Minot Lodge Crippled Children's Committee. Thirty others have been aided in the past year or so. C. E. Danielson is Chairman of the Committee and has been for several years. His high interest in the work has been a major factor in the great amount of physical rehabilitation so far accomplished by the Lodge.

Death of P.D.D. Fred'k Hughes, of White Plains, N. Y., Lodge

White Plains, N. Y., Lodge, No. 535, mourns the loss of one of its most prominent and best-loved members, Magistrate Frederick Hughes, a resident of Brooklyn, N. Y., who died in Miami, Fla., on March 1. Mr. Hughes was a charter member of White Plains Lodge, and a life member. He was one of its organizers and served as the first Secy. and the second Exalted Ruler. He later became District Deputy for the old N. Y. S. E. District and served on the Grand Lodge Commission on Protection of Names and Emblems from 1907 to 1909.

Mr. Hughes was very active in fraternal circles, belonging to the Fraternal Order of Eagles, in which he had served as Grand Treasurer and as a national Vice-Pres. He also belonged to the Loyal Order of Moose,

the Woodmen of the World, the St. Patrick Society of Brooklyn and the Emerald Club.

Going into law practice for himself in 1898, Mr. Hughes served later as Vice-Chairman of the Kings County Democratic Committee, and was appointed Magistrate by Mayor James J. Walker of New York in 1928. He was active in politics for 40 years. Mr. Hughes was an active and loyal member of White Plains Lodge up to the time of his death, which came as a shock to his many friends in the Order. Brooklyn Lodge held a Memorial Service for Mr. Hughes.

Executive Committee of Tri-State Elks Assn. Meets

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Md., Del. and D. C. State Elks Assn. was held at Towson, Md., on Feb. 17. Pres. Harold E. Cobourn, of Havre de Grace, presided. In attendance were many prominent Elks from the territory, including George E. Strong of Washington, D. C., a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; D.D. John E. Lynch, of Washington; Past State Pres. Alfred W. Gaver, of Frederick, Md., and P.D.D.'s Lawrence E. Ensor, of Towson, and James P. Swing, of Cambridge, Md. At the conclusion of the business session, the members were joined by their ladies and hospitably entertained by the officers of Towson Lodge, No. 469.

Favorable action was taken on a proposal to give to E.R.'s and P.E.R.'s of member Lodges the status of non-voting members of the Assn. As the ratification of the proposal requires a constitutional amendment, final action will be taken at the Convention which will be held at Havre de Grace on August 12-13-14.

The Trustees of the Assn. announce that they will award a trophy to the Lodge which renders the most distinguished service to the Order during the current year. In determining the winner, the resources and membership of the Lodges will be taken into consideration, so that the competitive position of the various Lodges will be equal. The prize will be given at the Convention.

Philip U. Gayaut, State Trustee

Grand Exalted Ruler Entertained by Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge

Bearing the standard of a national militant crusade against Communism, Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon spoke recently before a gathering of 400 Connecticut Elks at a testimonial dinner and reception held in his honor by Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge, No. 36. More than 200 members of Bridgeport Lodge were present, among them being many distinguished old-timers.

P.E.R. James L. McGovern was Toastmaster. Greetings to the head of the Order were extended by E.R. Joseph A. Muldoon, with Mayor Jasper McLevy present as representative of the City, and the Hon. Daniel F. Hickey, majority leader of the House of Representatives in Connecticut, representing the State. Besides the stirring address of the Grand Exalted Ruler, talks were given by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, P.E.R. Clifford B. Wilson, a former Mayor of Bridgeport, Mr. Muldoon, Mr. Hickey, Henry Greenstein and Charles H. Morris. The guests were entertained by John J. Brennan, Joey Whelan and Harry Morrissey.

On behalf of the members of the Lodge, Mr. Shannon was presented with a large silver platter and an electric toaster by George Ferrio, Jr. Charles Morris, the only living charter member of Bridgeport Lodge, was signally honored with a standing ovation when he spoke.

Twenty-one of the 25 Lodges in Connecticut were represented at the meeting. At the speakers' table with Mr. Shannon and Mr. Nicholson, the following prominent Elks

were seated: Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Martin J. Cunningham, of Danbury; Edward F. Nevins, Secy. of No. 36; and Messrs. Morris, Greenstein, Wilson, Hickey, McLevy, McGovern, Muldoon and Ferrio.

Joseph A. Muldoon, E.R., P.E.R.

P.G.E.R. John R. Coen Visits Grand Junction, Colo., Lodge

Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, of Sterling, Colo., was the guest of honor recently at a banquet held by Grand Junction, Colo., Lodge, No. 575. The Lodge hall was crowded with Elks who had journeyed there to hear the splendid address delivered by Mr. Coen, among them being P.D.D. Judge George W. Bruce. Grand Junction Lodge marked the occasion with the initiation of a class of 11 candidates.

Eugene M. Welch, Secy.

Freeport, N. Y., Lodge Mourns Treasurer

Freeport, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1253, mourns the loss of Ernest S. Randall, aged 61, Trustee and first Treasurer of the Lodge, and a prominent member of banking and political circles. Mr. and Mrs. Randall were on a vacation cruise to Buenos Aires and were returning to their summer home in Santa Monica, Calif., on the S.S. *Malolo*. Mr. Randall died aboard the liner.

Through the conscientious and tireless efforts of members of Cristobal, C. Z., Lodge, No. 1542, and P.D.D. Richard M. Davies, P.E.R. of Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414, at Balboa, Mr. Randall's body was permitted to be transferred from the ship and returned to New York for burial in accordance with the wishes of his family.

San Pedro, Calif., Lodge Honors Special Guests

Late in February, San Pedro, Calif., Lodge, No. 966, was host to the personnel of the Los Angeles Harbor Department Elks, a steak dinner being served before the meeting in the dining room of the Lodge to a capacity crowd. Special guests of the occasion were P.E.R. E. J. Amar, Pres. of the Board of Los Angeles Harbor Commissioners, and Eugene W. Biscailuz, Sheriff of Los Angeles County and a P.E.R. of Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge, No. 906.

Features of the evening were the showing of moving pictures and lectures on the growth and development of the Harbor, and the presentation of a gold loving cup to Sheriff Biscailuz and his mounted posse by the Elks of the San Pedro Navy Day Fiesta Committee. The cup was the first prize in the recent Navy Day Parade. Several vaudeville numbers were presented at the close of the program.

Robert R. Snodgrass, Secy.

Watervliet, N. Y., Lodge Celebrates 10th Birthday

The 10th Anniversary banquet of Watervliet, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1500, was held recently at the Schuyler Inn. It was the most ambitious event held by the Lodge in the past decade. Three hundred members crowded the Inn for the birthday dinner, among them being six of the original 11 officers. The Lodge traces its origin to the well-remembered Ghost Club, formed by a group of Watervliet young men who later became the nucleus of Watervliet Lodge.

The original officers present were: Joseph W. Kies, first E.R.; P.E.R.'s Daniel Jones, Henry E. Gabriels and Thomas J. Hanrahan, Jr.; and Isaac G. Braman. Mr. Kies was Toastmaster, and E.R. J. Basil Coleman supervised the event. The principal speaker was Public Service Commissioner George R. Lunn, who delivered a patriotic address.

Others who spoke were P.E.R. Dr. E. Harrison Ormsby, Amsterdam Lodge; P.E.R. Henry S. Kahn, Cohoes Lodge, and Asst. Dist. Attorney of Albany County; P.E.R. James A. Murray, Troy Lodge, and Mayor James F. Donlon. Many distinguished members of Upper New York State Lodges were in attendance. An amusing program of entertainment was presented.

George E. Hipwood, Secy.

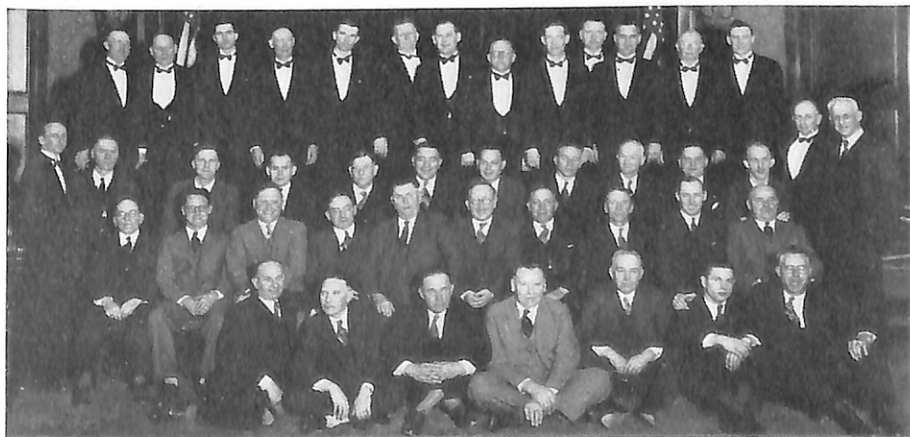
Northern California Elks Convene at Stockton, Calif.

Candidates from Lodges in the Northern California District were initiated recently in a two-day observation of the 67th Anniversary of the Order. The class, known as the "Michael F. Shannon Class," received the Ritual from the officers of Stockton, Calif., Lodge, No. 218. The candidates were furnished by the visiting Lodges. The initiatory meeting was followed by a banquet at which all the visitors were the guests of Stockton Lodge.

Among the many distinguished guests at the meeting and banquet were D.D.'s William J. Quinn, who supervised the initiation ceremony, and Harry B. Hoffman; P.D.D.'s Hal E. Willis and E. H. Brouillard; P.E.R. Jack Heryford of Red Bluff Lodge; W. H. Murray, P.E.R. of Modesto Lodge, and 10 P.E.R.'s of Stockton Lodge. Among the Lodges represented were: Nevada City, Sacramento, Chico, Grass Valley, Marysville, Redding, Red Bluff, Susanville, Oroville and Woodland. Many delegations came from far places—the members of Susanville Lodge driving 600 miles, round trip, the Redding members 400 miles, and those from Red Bluff 388 miles.

An entertainment consisting largely of vaudeville acts was presented after the banquet.

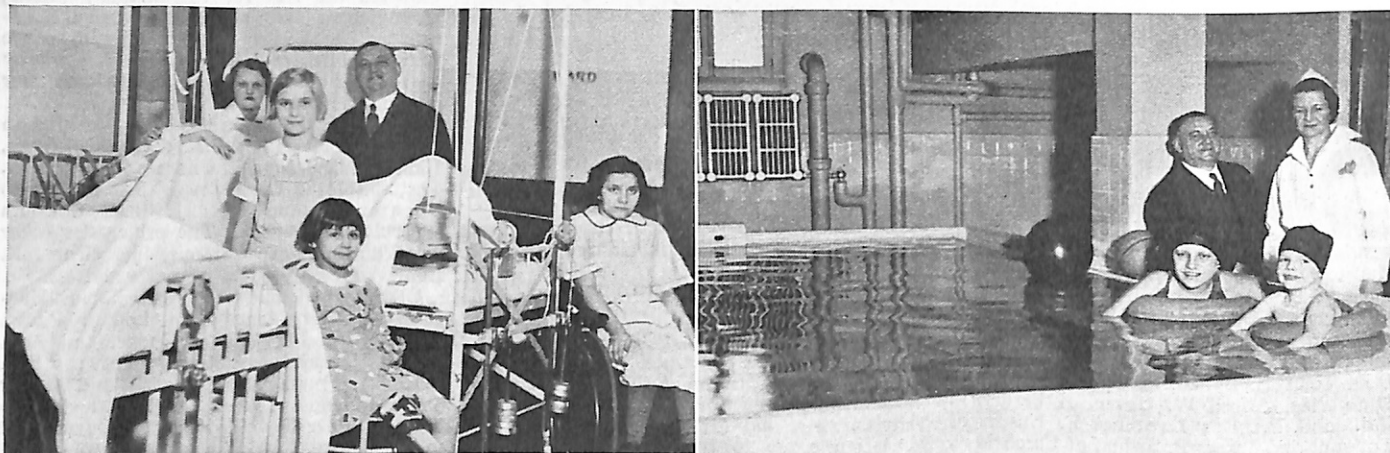
W. J. Quinn, D.D.



The officers of Stockton, Calif., Lodge and visiting officers from the Lodges of the Northern California District who recently convened at Stockton

Eastern Edition

This Section Contains Additional News of Eastern Lodges



The first therapeutic pool in New Jersey for the treatment of infantile paralysis has been constructed in Newark at the Hospital and Home for Crippled Children, of which Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther, shown above, is a Trustee. The pool was designed by an engineer formerly connected with the famous pool at Warm Springs, Ga. President Roosevelt has personally directed cases to the newly-installed Newark pool. It is 11' by 17', with a depth of from 18" to 4'. The water is chlorinated, sterilized and kept at 90°. The pool completes the unit of the new Physiotherapeutic Department, which also provides massage, ultra violet rays, and diathermy treatments

Arcadia, Fla., Lodge Initiates Anniversary Class

Arcadia, Fla., Lodge, No. 1524, initiated its Anniversary Class the latter part of February with large delegations from Tampa, Sebring, Bradenton, Sarasota, Lakeland and Fort Myers Lodges present for the ceremony. The guest of honor was P.D.D. Joseph L. Reed, Pres. of the Harry-Anna Crippled Children's Home at Umatilla, Past Pres. of the Fla. State Elks Assn., and P.E.R. of Tampa Lodge, who made a splendid appeal for further support of the Home.

Among the other distinguished guests were E.R.'s R. V. Lee of Fort Myers Lodge, John Freer of Lakeland Lodge, and Charles A. Stevens of Sebring Lodge, all of whom gave interesting talks concerning their Lodge activities and the Harry-Anna Memorial Home. After the regular meeting and initiation, Arcadia Lodge put on one of its famous "Monte Carlo" celebrations for the entertainment of the visiting members.

G. M. Austin, E.R.

Portsmouth, Va., Lodge Loses Life Member

When W. A. Neville, of Portsmouth, Va., Lodge, No. 82, passed away at his home on February 16, in his 69th year, the Lodge suffered a severe loss. Mr. Neville had been a member of No. 82 since 1892, and for distinguished service to his Lodge and to the Order, he was made an honorary life member on April 10, 1933.

Mr. Neville was widely known throughout the Order, having attended 35 Grand Lodge Conventions. His death is a distinct loss, especially to Portsmouth Lodge, whose members remember him as a fine man and a loyal Elk.

M. L. Hudgins, P.E.R.

D.D. John T. Lyons Entertained by New Castle, Pa., Lodge

With D.D. John T. Lyons of Sharon as one of their guests, almost 100 members of New Castle, Pa., Lodge, No. 69, recently enjoyed one of their most successful stag affairs—a shore party, in the form of a fish fry. Several members of Mr. Lyons' home Lodge ac-

companied him to the party. P.E.R. Edward F. Ryan, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, handled the general arrangements, and Harry D. Horner and Walter W. Harrington were chefs. Mr. Ryan also gave the 11 O'Clock Toast.

On the following night a group of New Castle members joined a number of Northwestern Pennsylvania Elks in a testimonial dinner to Mr. Lyons when he made a formal visit to his home Lodge in the capacity of District Deputy. The initiation of a large number of candidates into Sharon Lodge followed the dinner.

Bertram Davis, Correspondent

Saranac Lake, N. Y., Lodge Enjoys Big Evening

A gala night was enjoyed recently by Saranac Lake, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1508, when "P.E.R.'s Night," "Old Timers' Night" and a banquet in honor of the official visit of P.E.R. William B. Davidson, Vice-Pres. of the New York State Elks Assn. for the North Cent. Dist., were all held on the same evening. Although covers were laid for 100, Steward John O'Brien found it necessary to set up tables all over the lot in order to accommodate the big surplus of diners.

At the conclusion of the banquet the guests repaired to the Lodge room where the P.E.R.'s conducted a meeting. The regular officers took charge when the initiation of a class of five candidates was performed. Mr. Davidson complimented the officers on their exemplification of the ritual and recommended that they compete in the State Ritualistic Contest.

J. E. Keough, E.R.

Phillipsburg, N. J., Lodge Honors Athletic Member

Phillipsburg, N. J., Lodge, No. 395, recently gave a testimonial dinner for Charley Berry, the well known football and baseball player. More than 400 fans of the two games were present in the Lodge's spacious dining room. The program included instrumental music, a splendid dinner, speech making, and 40 minutes of the famous comedy of Al Schacht, formerly of the Wash-

ington Senators and next season of the Boston Red Sox.

Among the speakers introduced by Toastmaster William McGowan, an American League Umpire, were: Lena Blackburne, Coach of the Philadelphia Athletics; Johnny Quinn, Umpire of the Southern League; Dick Spaulding, Coach of the Phillies; Robert P. Duffy, a former football teammate of Charley Berry during his playing days at Lafayette; Bill Brandt, Publicity Agent for the National League and Secy. to Ford Frick, Pres. of that organization; Lloyd Fisher, prominent Flemington Attorney, and William McClintock of Harrisburg. Al Schacht occupied the floor last and longest. On behalf of the Elks of Phillipsburg, Toastmaster McGowan presented Mr. Berry with a handsome traveling bag.

Holyoke, Mass., Lodge Holds Two Entertaining Events

Holyoke, Mass., Lodge, No. 902, observed P.E.R.'s Night when the P.E.R.'s occupied the chairs of the present officers and exemplified the ritual at a class initiation of 10 candidates. Past State Pres. P. J. Garvey delivered a brief talk on the good of the Order. Motion pictures of scenes in Ber-muda were shown and refreshments were served.

Another entertaining night at the Lodge Home was that when "Polish Night" was celebrated with 200 members present. A chicken dinner was served, with Polish side dishes. Music, singing and a comedy skit were featured among the acts of entertainment, while the Rev. Celestine Rozewicz amused with rope and card tricks.

John J. Murphy, Correspondent

Hampton, Va., Lodge Entertains P.E.R.'s

Hampton, Va., Lodge, No. 366, staged a huge celebration in connection with the annual observance of P.E.R.'s Night. The meeting was attended by one of the largest crowds of the season, the guests including visitors from Newport News and Norfolk, Va., Port Townsend, Wash., and Penns Grove, Pa. P.E.R.'s of the Lodge occupied the chairs during the greater part of the

evening. They were: Howard W. Saunders, Judge C. Vernon Spratley, H. M. Dilg, Judd A. Monroe, Percy Carmel, Thomas L. Sclater, Roland D. Cock and Benjamin Levy.

P.E.R. E. W. Betts and the Lodge Degree Team conducted an initiation, and short addresses were made by the P.E.R.'s. Refreshments were served in the grill. At its regular meeting, the Lodge made plans for a dance to be held in the gymnasium shortly afterward.

Thirtieth Anniversary Celebrated by Shenandoah, Pa., Lodge

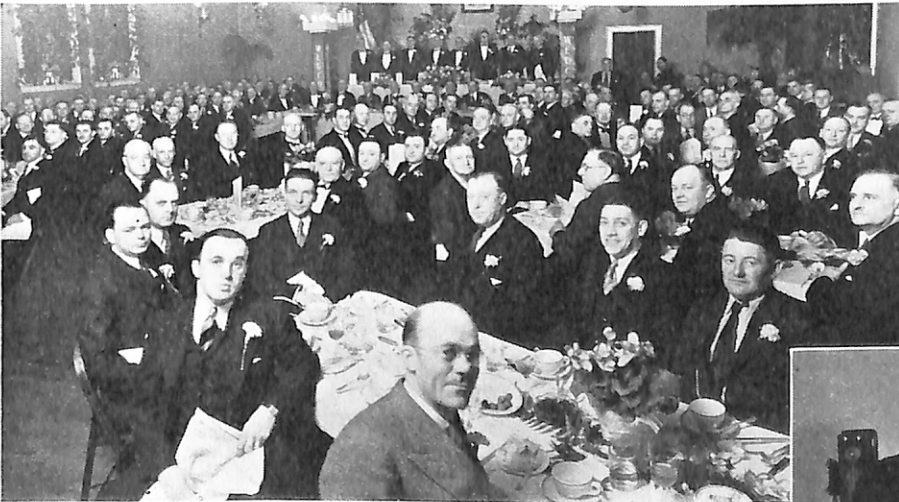
The 30th Anniversary of Shenandoah, Pa., Lodge, No. 945, was fittingly celebrated recently when the entire second floor of the Lodge Home was converted into a banquet room and a tempting meal was served to 75 Elks by the ladies of St. John's Lutheran Church. A program of entertainment was also presented by the Ladies and was followed by speeches delivered by several local Elk dignitaries.

Among those introduced by P.E.R. Albin A. Meluskey, II, who acted as Toastmaster, were the following speakers: P.D.D. J. G. Thumm, who reviewed the history of the Order and recounted its aims and achievements; State Pres. Scott E. Drum, and M. M. Burke, a charter member of Shenandoah Lodge. The evening was one of the outstanding events held in local social and fraternal circles during the past season.

J. G. Thumm, P.D.D.

Parkersburg, W. Va., Lodge Honors P.E.R.'s

Parkersburg, W. Va., Lodge, No. 198, honored its P.E.R.'s in a recent session by requesting them to conduct the meeting. Those who occupied the chairs and official stations were P.E.R.'s Jesse L. Cramer, Harry L. Biddle, Eugene T. Hague, Dan B. Leonard, C. Clifton Mayhall, Chalmers Gibbens, Thomas C. Ashton, H. Gordon Butcher, Robert McDougle, Fred L. Davis, W. W. Jackson, Donald P. Fleming and Ben W. Morris. Other P.E.R.'s present were Allan



C. Murdoch, a charter member who served as the head of the Lodge for six terms, and Abijah Hays, E.R. for two terms.

Included in the order of business was the unveiling of a bronze tablet upon which appears the names of all former heads of No. 198. The ceremony followed an address by Secy. Edward Nelly, a charter member. Mr. Nelly was for many years the Treasurer of the Lodge. Another bronze tablet, perpetuating the names of the charter members, was unveiled by Mr. Hays after an appropriate address. Of the entire 45, three of the surviving four were present. They were Allan C. Murdoch, Edward Nelly and John E. Leach.

Williamsport, Pa., Lodge Presents Circus

Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, No. 173, staged a circus during the early part of February, and for a week it was the talk of the town. Nearly 6,000 people saw the performances that the Voorheis Amusement Enterprises had prepared for No. 173. Circus acts from the big shows were on hand to perform. There were also ponies, dogs, goats, a trained horse, clowns, trapeze artists, wirewalkers, acrobats and others of the usual circus troupe.

The large auditorium was filled at every performance. One evening a public wedding was solemnized and each night prize waltzes were featured. A special Saturday matinee was staged for the youngsters, and those indigent children who were unable to secure the admittance fee were treated at a red letter afternoon performance. Institutions were invited to send their children as the guests of the Lodge.

In the same month the officers of Sunbury, Pa., Lodge and their crack Degree Team visited the Williamsport Elks and in the course of a splendid meeting initiated a class of 15 candidates. E.R. William F. Eichholtz, of Sunbury Lodge, conducted the Ritualistic work. After the regular session, about 200 members of the Order repaired to the grill room for a midnight lunch. The Williamsport Elks Band furnished music.

William V. Welker, Correspondent

Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge Established in New Home

Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1515, held its first meeting in its new Home several weeks ago. The building is handsome and substantial, with an atmosphere of comfort and privacy.

Meanwhile the activities of the members have been augmented by the forming of an Elks Glee Club under the direction of Jack Acheson. The Lodge Activities Committee is doing good work, and Martin Cook, Chairman, has acquired several prominent speakers to address the Lodge after regular business sessions. Among these have been

Maurice Holland, Director of the National Research Council, and Curtis Mitchell, Editor of *Radio Stars Magazine*.

Lynbrook Lodge has extended congratulations to several members who have been honored in the affairs of Nassau County. Among them are Charles Strohson, appointed Clerk to the Board of Supervisors; Mr. Spitzer, recently appointed Assistant District Attorney, and John Hilgendorf, appointed Town Constable.

Harry P. Burroughs

Kearny, N. J., Lodge Honors P.E.R. Fred A. Hartley, Sr.

At a recent meeting of Kearny, N. J., Lodge, No. 1050, a reception was held for one of its oldest P.E.R.'s—Fred A. Hartley, Sr.—and his two sons, Fred A. Hartley, Jr., a member of the House of Representatives, and Henry A. Hartley. Congressman Hartley delivered a splendid talk on the Pro-American program of Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, assuring those present that he would do all in his power to enact legislation covering the eight-point program as proposed by Mr. Shannon. Among those in attendance at the reception were Past State Pres. Francis P. Boland and a number of members from Lodges in the Northeast District of New Jersey.

R. J. Callahan, Secy.

Testimonial Dinner for D.D. Ormsby at Amsterdam, N. Y., Lodge

The Elks of Amsterdam, N. Y., Lodge, No. 101, recently extended greetings to Dr. E. H. Ormsby, D.D. for New York N. E., at a testimonial dinner seldom equaled by similar affairs held by the Lodge. The occasion opened with a regular business meeting at the Lodge Home in the afternoon. Later a Reception Committee greeted the incoming guests. At eight P.M. dinner was served, the menu being under the direction of C. Lee Secor.

Between courses song and dance numbers were rendered by vaudeville artists. Shortly before the close of the meal, Supreme Court Justice C. J. Heffernan, as Toastmaster, introduced Mayor Arthur Carter who delivered an address of welcome. At the close of the dinner floral tributes from many local civic, fraternal and patriotic bodies were delivered to Dr. Ormsby, after which the entertainment continued. D.D. James A. Kinney, of New York W. Cent., presented a cup to the Amsterdam Lodge team of bridge players who were the winners last spring in a contract bridge tournament at the Grand Union Hotel at Saratoga Springs. The four thus honored were Dr. Ormsby, Charles Gardner, Harry V. Borst and E. D. DeLaMater.

Justice Heffernan next read a dozen or more telegrams extending best wishes to Dr. Ormsby, and speeches were made by the following distinguished Elks: Grand Chaplain the Rev. Arthur O. Sykes; D.D.'s F. Arthur Miller and James A. Kinney; Theodore F. Kalbfleisch, Jr., Pres. of the P.E.R.'s Assn., and State Vice-Pres. Nelson M. Hoyt. Dr. Ormsby delivered his address at the conclusion of the foregoing speeches. The program came to a close with the presentation of a handsome rug to Dr. Ormsby.



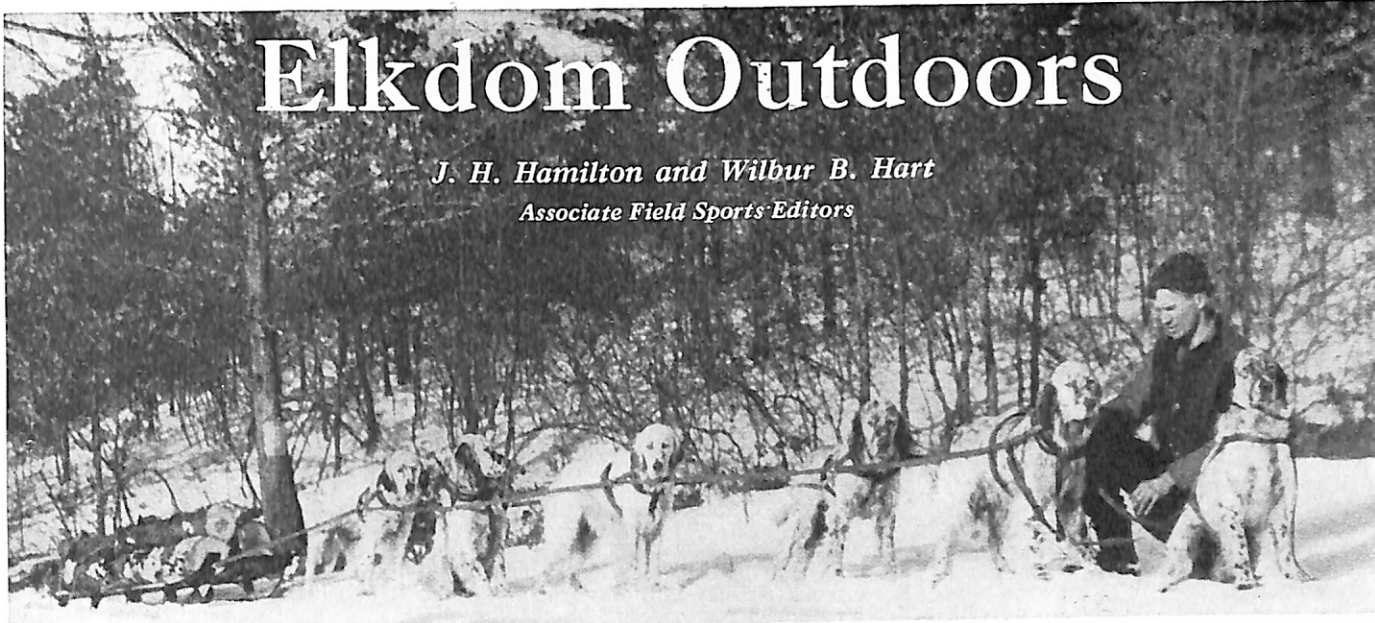
Participants in the banquet accorded by Amsterdam, N. Y. Lodge to Dr. E. Harrison Ormsby, D.D., of the Northeastern New York District, and, lower right: the quartet which won the bridge contest at Amsterdam Lodge

Stirling



Elkdom Outdoors

J. H. Hamilton and Wilbur B. Hart
Associate Field Sports Editors



George Ryman of Shohola Falls, Penna., keeps his breeding stock in trim throughout the winter by making them haul wood. The dogs are Orange and Blue Belton Setters

Drawings below by J. N. Darling

National Waterfowl Refuge Contest

FOLLOWERS of ELKDOM OUTDOORS have an opportunity to help restore wild ducks and to help themselves to better gunning at the same time through the National Waterfowl Refuge Contest sponsored recently by the More Game Birds Foundation, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York City. And there are opportunities to win some of the many cash and other prizes offered—to say nothing of the national recognition that goes with them.

Any group or individual who can be instrumental in the establishment of a migratory bird refuge, on any suitable water area of three acres or more, may enter. The contest is free. Three informative, fully illustrated booklets, entry blanks and all details on how to proceed are available from the Foundation without charge.

A total of \$500 already has been contributed for cash prizes. Engraved certificates of merit for every qualifying entry will also be awarded. These are to be illustrated by the noted cartoonist, Jay N. "Ding" Darling, Chief of the U. S. Bureau of Biological Survey, who is Chairman of a committee of judges representing national wildlife organizations.

The contest has been arranged by the Foundation to supplement the \$8,500,000 farm relief-wild life refuge program of the

Cash and Other Awards to Be Made

By Ray Benson

MANY HAPPY RETURNS.



U. S. Department of Agriculture. While this Federal Agency is engaged in the acquisition of 1,000,000 acres of sub-marginal drained areas, it is pointed out that free use of thousands of smaller public and private ponds can be obtained simply for the asking to aid the larger program. It is for the purpose of according suitable recognition to those who take the initiative in securing

the use of these supplementary areas that the contest has been launched.

Be A Better Shot! Here's How!

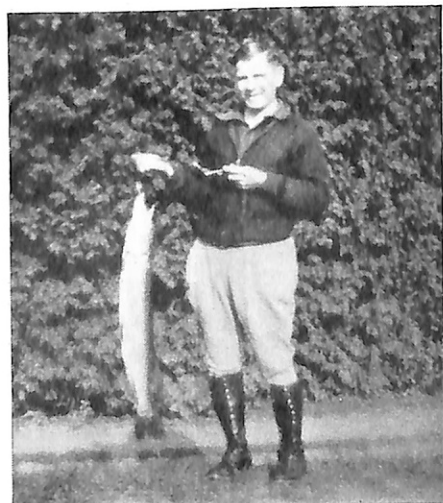


Of course you want to improve your shooting! This NEW free booklet will help you! Should be in the hands of every small bore rifleman. Interesting! Instructive! Gives actual experiences with Super-X Long Range .22's on game. Tells all about Super-Match, the new Western Smokeless .22 L. R. target cartridge. Mail the Coupon NOW!



Coupon Brings FREE New Booklet On Rifle Shooting

Western Cartridge Company,
Dept. D-43, East Alton, Illinois.
Mail me a copy of your NEW booklet on small bore rifle shooting, FREE. Also leaflets describing advantages of Western small bore ammunition.
Name.....
Street.....
Post Office.....State.....



Left: Leaman S. Harvey of Waterbury, Conn., with a 12-lb. pike caught on a spoon which he made himself

Above: Francis L. Decker and A. J. Mackey of Flagstaff, Ariz., Lodge with a seven-foot mountain lion

Take It Easy!

(Continued from page 9)

and we were driving slow and careful, smashups being none too popular at headquarters.

"Know a girl named Kitty Connor?" said Ryan, steering past a model-T Ford that was wobbling all over the street.

"I might," I admitted. "Why?"

He answered by asking a question. "A friend of yours?"

"Not exactly."

"That's good!" said Ryan with satisfaction, and I felt goose pimples break out along my spine because I hadn't seen Kitty for a few days and I thought maybe she was dead or something.

But young Ryan told me about Kitty then and she wasn't dead.

Seemed he'd been out to a roadhouse somewhere and while he was sitting there drinking beer with some fellows, in comes Kitty with Rocco Salvetti. Ryan knew who she was because he'd seen her around with Rocco before and had asked about her because she didn't seem to be the kind of girl to be going places with Rocco. I could understand that because likely Ryan had seen Rocco around with other girls, only they were never like Kitty Connor.

WELL, Rocco and Kitty sit down at a little table in a corner and Ryan saw this wasn't the usual thing with Rocco. Usually Rocco's all for the limelight when he has a girl along—special tunes played by the orchestra, champagne in a silver bucket, and plenty of flash. But this time it's different: he and Kitty have some supper and occasionally they dance, but for the most part he's satisfied to sit in a corner, talking quietly and looking at Kitty across the table.

When Ryan explains how Rocco sat looking at Kitty fire burned through me but I held onto myself and listened closely because he was getting to the point of the story, which was that along about one o'clock, when things were going pleasant and uneventful, in boiled Pete Morosco and several of the bruisers who go everywhere Pete goes.

While Pete's looking for a table he spies Rocco, and what's more, he sees Kitty Connor.

Evidently he rates her an eyeful, or maybe he's trying to start trouble with Rocco. Maybe he's just a bad actor who gets a kick out of pulling a strong arm play when the other fellow can't fight back. Anyhow he muscles in on Rocco's quiet evening; he walks straight over to the table where Rocco and Kitty are deep in conversation and snaps another chair up to their table. "How about me sitting here with you two?" says Pete.

Rocco looked at him. Then he looked at Pete's bruisers standing in close formation. "Sure," said Rocco. "Why not?" But he said it slow and Pete grinned.

"Introduce me," he says, looking at Kitty Connor.

Rocco introduces him and Pete jerks his head at his bruisers, indicating to them to park themselves somewhere close at hand but not too close. The bruisers park, and Pete orders champagne for both tables.

Ryan and his pals, who'd been about to leave, stuck around a while to see what would happen but nothing much did happen after all. Pete kept on sitting at Rocco's table, urging Kitty to drink more champagne after Kitty'd said she'd had enough. Once he danced with her, but she wouldn't dance with him again, though he asked her to. Finally she stood up and said she was going home.

Pete stared at her. "You got this added up wrong," he said, ignoring Rocco. "My lady friends don't walk out on me until I tell 'em they can go."

I can imagine the look she gave him then. The same—only more so—that she'd given me the last few times I've seen her.

"I'm not one of your lady friends," says Kitty. "And I leave a place when I'm ready to leave!"

With that she walks away leaving Pete sitting there and he lets her go, but he puts out a hand and stops Rocco when he starts after her. "I always liked redheads," says Pete softlike. "They got spunk, they got temper, they got what it takes to keep a guy interested. I think you've had this doll long enough, Rocco!"

Ryan said you could see just how Pete had it figured: he had plenty of guys like Rocco, but a girl like Kitty was a find. If Rocco put up an argument, he'd have Rocco rubbed out some dark night, leaving himself a clear field.

Ryan said you could see Rocco knew all that. There were the bruisers at the next table, listening in. They hadn't gotten up yet, but they were listening and he knew how quick they could move.

"I said," repeats Pete Morosco, smiling at Rocco, "that you'd had this doll long enough."

Ryan said Rocco was ghastly white. No man likes to be made a fool of before his best girl and Pete had certainly made a monkey of him. Rocco knew Kitty's temper and he guessed what was ahead of him on the drive back to town, when Kitty would proceed to lay him out for running around with tripe like Pete Morosco.

Rocco laughed like a man with the courage of despair. "You'll find that's for her to say!" says Rocco, and walks after Kitty.

One of the bruisers makes a motion but Pete shakes his head, and after a while they all get up and go out together.

When Ryan finished it was still raining and we drove along slow and careful. Nothing had changed, and yet somehow everything had changed.

I was sitting there shaking so I wondered if Ryan knew I was shaking. If so, he guessed that if Kitty Connor wasn't exactly a friend of mine, she was something to me.

WHAT that something was, I was just beginning to find out as I thought of Pete Morosco and his mob.

Pete's a guy that once he makes up his mind he wants a thing, he doesn't give in on it easy. If he wanted Kitty Connor, it was going to be difficult and unpleasant for somebody to change his mind.

A call for us came in over the radio then and I had to think about something else. Down on Queen Street a guy had come home drunk and was trying to kill his woman because she didn't like his being drunk. We had to get there in a hurry, slippery streets or no slippery streets, and when we got there it took both of us to give this drunken guy a different point of view.

After the fracas was over, and we'd taken him to the station and were through for the night, I went home to flop from one side of my bed to the other, thinking of Kitty Connor.

The next night I was off duty, and when I went down to the poolroom to see some of the boys, Rocco was waiting for me, sitting outside in his big car the same as last time, only this time he was different. He was as polite as all hell, and he had a sorta

look about him that made me feel sorry for him. "Would you do something for me, Horan?" he wants to know.

"Why should I?" I said, giving him a long, considering look.

"No reason," he admits. "Only it's for someone else really."

"That might be an inducement," I admitted.

"I want you to show yourself around with Kitty Connor," said Rocco, so low I could barely hear him.

I gaped at that. "After telling me to keep away from her?"

He nodded, and all of a sudden I got it: if Pete Morosco thought Kitty was my girl, maybe he'd keep clear. It's only a slim chance, but Rocco's desperate enough to try it.

I laughed. "Does Kitty know you want me trailing her?"

He shook his head, and I thought it likely Kitty wouldn't let me get within twenty feet of her on account of our last meeting. But Rocco didn't know about that.

Because I felt sorry for him and maybe because I was worried about Kitty, I agreed to do it. "I'll have a talk with Kitty," I promised, and I did have a talk with her, after she'd tried to slam the door in my face.

I shoved my foot inside and followed the foot, and she had to talk to me. She was alone, and I spoke freely.

"You're in a spot, Kit, and Rocco's asked me to help out."

"Keep your nose out of my business, copper!" said Kitty.

SHE had on some sort of a blue knitted dress with a little blue cap and I thought she was maybe waiting for Rocco to take her somewhere only Rocco wouldn't be along.

I tried to keep my temper. "Remember Pete Morosco? He's taken a yen for you, and what he wants he gets, ninety-nine times out of a hundred."

"Not *this* time!" said Kitty with spirit, and I sighed.

When I tried to explain about Pete and the kind of a guy he is, she only got mad.

"If he's as bad as all that, why haven't you done something about it?" she wants to know. "What are coppers for, if not to protect people?"

I tell her that's what I'm trying to do, then I wait a long time for her to make up her mind about things.

"What do you want me to do?" she says after a while, and I tell her it's Rocco's idea I should take her places and be seen around with her.

She stands there frowning at me—we're both standing because she's never asked me to sit down. "You're making this up!" she accuses.

I grinned at her. "Hate yourself, don't you? Why should a good-looking guy like me waste time on a girl that ain't even polite to him—ask Rocco!"

She saw that I wasn't lying, and she understood she was in a jam just like I'd been telling her. Maybe it scared her a little, but if so, she'd plenty of spunk left. "So I'm to be a copper's girl!" she said scornfully.

That stung. "Only so far as Pete Morosco is concerned!"

"It'll help Rocco?"

"Maybe," I said, wondering if it would.

She picked up some gloves and a purse lying on the table, and looked at me.

(Continued on page 34)



Riddle for Today...

A red maraschino
A thick slice of orange
Piquant and juicy
A trim cut of pineapple
Lush as Hawaii
Sugar... bitters... ice
Then
A brimming silver jigger
Of Old Overholt rye...



Now what have you?

Don't all speak at once
The answer is correct
You have an Old Fashioned
Like nobody's business
Old fashioned in name
Old fashioned in flavor
And in rich grainy
Fruity heady
Heart-warming
Goodness



Old Overholt rye
Is aged 4 years
In Arkansas oak
Then bottled in bond
A grand, bland
100 proof
Straight rye
That has soothed
Grateful gullets
Since 1810.



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A. Overholt & Co. Inc.

OLD OVERHOLT RYE

BOTTLED IN BOND



THIS EMBLEM PROTECTS YOU

(Continued from page 32)

"Where do we step tonight?" she says, and we went out together.

I haven't a car of my own, and I wondered if she missed Rocco's swell car as I hailed a taxi instead of taking the rusty little car belonging to the family that my old man uses to go to and from work when he's working. If so, she didn't make any cracks about it, and presently we got out at the Cherokee Inn and I was plenty proud of her as we went inside.

I got a ringside table where we could see the show and ordered champagne for the first time in my life.

"Putting on a flash, copper?" says Kitty across the table, and I tell her I can afford it once in a while, even if I'm spending honest money.

That crack shuts her up and she don't speak again until the orchestra begins some dance music and we dance.

I kept remembering the time I'd kissed her, and just like I thought I would be, I'm wanting to kiss her again, only I know it doesn't pay to crowd your luck, especially with an Irish girl.

Over her shoulder I saw one of Pete Morosco's gang sitting at a table and I made a point of dancing in that corner of the room until Kitty complained.

"What's the matter, copper? Can't you take more than four steps in any direction without breaking down? I thought all the Irish were good dancers!"

I tightened my arms around her and said I could dance on a dime or in the dark, and she told me I'd never get a chance to dance in the dark with her, which I knew was true.

I wondered if she liked dancing with me as much as dancing with Rocco but I knew better than to ask. When the dance ended I was sorry, because the cabaret show started then and it was maybe an hour before we danced again.

Because I had to be on the job early next day, I left her at her door at one o'clock, and when I started to leave, she caught my sleeve. "Tell me, copper—is there danger for you in this?"

I hadn't thought about that, but I could see now she mentioned it, that maybe there was danger for me, only that didn't matter because a copper's up against danger plenty in his life. But it was my chance to get back at her and I did. "Risking my life's what the city pays me for," I said. "For you or any other silly little doll, even when they come a dime a dozen!"

Only I knew as I went back down to the taxi that girls like Kitty Connor never came a dime a dozen. They came only once in that particular pattern—or at least they did as far as I was concerned.

I TOOK Kitty out a lot after that, but she kept on cracking wise at my expense, and when I was driving around in the scout car I'd think up things to say back to her, and after we'd been out a dozen times I couldn't see we were any better friends.

Once in a while I saw Rocco and when I'd ask how I was doing with Kitty he'd say I was doing swell, but you could see his heart wasn't in it. Then one night when Kitty and I were dancing at a roadhouse out in the country, we met up with Pete Morosco.

He was there when we came in, sitting in a corner with his usual gang, and he lamped us the minute we hit the floor, which was about two minutes after we landed.

We'd worked out some nifty steps and were handing the crowd a treat when I looked up and saw Pete. He was watching us and he wasn't pleased to see us together. I thought for a moment he was going to cut in, but he didn't. Just sat there scowling, with his jaw set in a way I didn't like,

and I knew Pete was beginning to read the handwriting on the wall, as the saying goes.

You see, Pete and his kind aren't popular with the public any more. In the days they ran booze they were pretty close to being heroes to a lot of scatterbrained folks who didn't have to do business with them, but now that the booze racket has folded up and they've gone in for peddling dope and for breaking people's hearts with the snatch racket, they aren't heroes any more, that being too much for even the nitwits.

I won't say Pete was afraid to muscle in on our evening, but knowing the public was dead against him gummed things up so he didn't operate in his usual high-handed manner.

"Take it easy," I said to Kitty as we went past Pete's table. "There's the guy who wants to be your heavy sugar."

I'll say again that Kitty has nerve. She danced extra slow so she could look square at Pete and prove her memory had failed where he was concerned. She didn't know him, she never had known him, she never intended to know him was what her look said to Pete.

I patted her on the back the way you pat kids when they measure up to something they might have been afraid of. "Nice work, Kit," I said. "Now we'll be going."

She was all for staying, insisting she wasn't going to let anybody like Pete Morosco drive her away, but while she was talking I took her out and put her in a cab.

"Strongarm stuff, copper?" she said, when we were rolling back to town.

"Whenever it's necessary!" I snapped, and we sat there in two different corners of the cab without speaking until the cab stopped at her door.

THAT was just before the Lanning baby was stolen.

The Lanning baby was twenty months old and belonged to a wealthy young couple who'd been living a quiet life in our town until they made headlines with the disappearance of their baby. Young Lanning had inherited five million from his folks but it was plain on the night of the kidnaping that not a penny of the five million counted. All he wanted was his baby and he was ready to pay over every cent he had to get the kid back.

His wife was with him at the station when he reported the case and she hadn't a word to say except when somebody spoke to her. Just sat twisting her hands and listening hard every time the phone rang. They had a picture of the baby with them—a cute little curlyheaded tyke smiling like he thought the world was made up of Santa Clauses, and I remember wondering if the kid'd be able to smile like that again even if we got him back right away.

Well, we didn't get him back right away and the Lanning kidnaping split the town wide open. The whole police force was on the pan because this was the third snatch in our town without our catching up with the kidnapers. The newspapers were yelling for somebody's blood the way they always do. The mayor was making speeches urging the public to have confidence in the city administration. Even the governor was sticking around, wanting to take a hand in things.

While all this uproar was going on, the police were working night and day, sifting clues, following blind leads, investigating crank letters, and after a while going through the motion of being busy when there was nothing to do but wait. All over the country cars carrying kids around the age of the Lanning baby were being stopped, at least three Lanning babies had been positively identified in various parts of the state, but we hadn't found the Lanning baby and no ransom note had been received.

Then one day the baby's father came

down to headquarters, and though he was a young man, his hair was beginning to turn gray. He had a note from the kidnapers containing a piece of the dress the kid had worn, a curl of his yellow hair, and some fingerprints that didn't do us any good because the Lanning baby had never been fingerprinted.

The note demanded fifty thousand in unmarked twenty dollar bills, and warned the Lannings not to communicate with the police. The penalties named for that were plenty specific, but this guy Lanning was one in a million. He had steel down his backbone instead of a yellow streak, so he'd brought the note in to headquarters.

"I'm trusting you to make no mistakes," said Lanning with his eyes showing what it was costing him not to obey the instructions in the note. "Taking a chance on that maybe means my baby's life, but kidnapers must not be permitted to operate behind a veil of secrecy which affords them absolute protection!" Which was a lot different from the attitude of the two families who'd paid the ransom demanded and then shut up like a bunch of clams.

KITTY was all burned up about the kidnaping. So was my old lady, but Kitty was worse. She was fond of kids, and she had a lot of ideas about boiling the kidnapers in oil in the public square after we caught them.

Maybe that wasn't such a bad idea at that, but what got me was her being so sure we'd get the kidnapers. "You'll get them soon, Ed," she declared. "I'm burning candles every day to St. Anthony and saying a prayer for that poor mother!" She didn't notice she'd called me by my name, and she didn't see how her idea about coppers was changing from watching us work on the Lanning case.

The note the Lannings got instructed them to leave the money in a certain place at a certain time, so headquarters immediately got busy making preparations and the preparations were plenty elaborate because we didn't want any slip-up.

The spot selected by the kidnapers was out on the edge of town but well within the city limits. A car could swoop by. Somebody could lean out and pick up the money. The car could swing around the nearest corner, drive down an alley, and be lost from sight in the twinkling of an eye.

Picking this place was plenty smart. It was open enough so we couldn't plant a trap, near enough to the country for the kidnapers to head for the open spaces after they'd doubled back over their trail a little. But we've some smart people on the police force, and it was finally decided that if we couldn't plant a trap at the spot where the money was to be left, we'd draw a circle around it with scout cars. The idea was to keep the cars moving and let anyone into the suspected territory who wanted to go there, then by gradually narrowing the circle after the money was grabbed, run down the kidnapers. It was the only idea that seemed to have a chance, so that was what we did, planting observers as close as we dared in an attempt to get the license number and description of the car picking up the money.

Before I went on duty that night I saw Kitty and told her we'd maybe get the kidnapers before morning, and then could have kicked myself because naturally she wanted to know what was up and I couldn't talk about it.

Circling around in the scout cars was nerve-racking, but the way it was done was clever. The cars never actually met, but the complete circle was drawn every forty-five seconds. The money had been placed where the note specified, we were waiting for action, and waiting was tough, though more than once I thought about the Lannings

(Continued on page 36)



A good bartender is one who has too much pride
in his reputation to use anything but genuine
Gordon's Gin when he mixes your Martini



(Continued from page 34)

waiting somewhere for news, and thought it must be worse for them than for us.

Nine o'clock went by. Ten o'clock. Eleven. Cars entered the circle and left, but nobody touched the money. "They're wise," said Ryan in complete disgust. "A rat never enters a trap once it gets a scent of danger. You take the wheel a while, Ed."

He got out and came around the car, and I slipped across the seat behind the wheel and got the car moving again to make sure we didn't fall down on our part of the job. We hadn't seen another scout car all evening except maybe a tail light from a distance, but I knew they were all around us. Our instructions were to drive from a certain point to another point and then reverse, timing it to a given schedule. We'd been doing that all evening and would continue doing it until other instructions came in over the radio.

I wanted to smoke, but I didn't. I'd smoked when Ryan was driving and Ryan was smoking now, while I kept both hands clear for the wheel. Back and forth, then into a short cut through an alley, then back and forth again I went. Not fast, just drifting along. Then, of a sudden, when we'd about given up hope, everything was different.

Headquarters called our car and you could hear the announcer's voice wabbling with excitement as he told us to watch for a big black car with a dented right fender. He gave us a license number but I didn't hear any more because just then a big black car came toward us traveling fast.

The license plates weren't right but I took after the car anyhow. Maybe I wouldn't have if I hadn't had a quick flash of a dented right fender as the car roared by, or maybe it was a hunch. But any car making such speed was suspicious and license plates are never dependable as an identification because it's too easy to drop one set of plates and show others already in place beneath.

I followed this car and we went through the edge of town plenty fast, heading toward the country. I saw the needle on the speedometer climb to 50, to 60, to 70 and wondered how fast the other car could go, and whether they'd be able to leave us behind once they hit country roads. Evidently that was the plan and it was my job to keep them from doing it. If I didn't, and they got away with the money, likely they wouldn't take a chance on returning the baby.

I made up my mind the car ahead wasn't going to give me the slip. We were out beyond the town now and I hoped the road

was clear as I put on the police siren to warn other cars from the road and began to creep closer. Ryan had thrown away his cigar and had his gun out. He was hanging out the window aiming at their tires when I heard another car back of us. I didn't know whether it was one of our cars or a car belonging to the gang, but I hoped it was one of ours.

Ryan fired and somebody in the car ahead fired at the same time. The windshield cracked in front of my eyes. Ryan cursed softly, and a coldness flowed down my spine as I felt my cap leap upon my head.

"Hurt?" I yelled at Ryan.

He yelled back it wasn't anything. He was firing again and I heard shooting from both the car ahead and the car in back of us. For a minute there was so much action I couldn't follow it because I had to concentrate on driving the car. I recognized the thin dry rattle of machine gun fire, then suddenly it was all over. The car ahead lurched, slewed to the side of the road, and stopped. I put on the brakes hard and slammed to a stop. Ryan and I both jumped out and ran to the other car.

Later on I saw how that could have been plenty unwise, but as it happened, it was safe enough. There were two men in the car: Pete Morosco was slumped in the seat stone dead with his face resting on a machine gun in his lap, and as I opened the door, Rocco Salvetti slid from behind the wheel to the road.

"You got me, copper!" said Rocco, as I knelt down beside him.

"Not me," I denied. "I was doing the driving."

"Doesn't matter," said Rocco, and you could see he meant it. "My number's up."

The other car arrived, limping on three wheels with the fourth tire flat, and it was another scout car. Two men piled out, and Rocco hurried with what he had to say. "Tell Kitty I wasn't in on this snatch business. I was just driving for Pete tonight because he asked me to. You'll find the baby in the back of the car."

Maybe he was telling the truth and maybe he wasn't. Maybe Pete had asked Rocco to drive the car picking up the ransom money because he'd a grudge against him, or maybe Rocco just wanted Kitty to think well of him and he knew how she felt about the kidnapping. I rushed over and opened up the back to the car with my heart in my mouth but everything was okay—the baby was in a tin trunk with the lid open, full of hop but otherwise all right.

When I went back to Rocco he was dead, and I stood there looking at him, feeling

sick and queer and being glad I'd been driving because killing someone you've known all your life would be plenty tough. Then I wondered how I was going to tell Kitty.

A lot of cars had come up, so I turned things over to somebody from headquarters who seemed to be in charge, and took Ryan home. Ryan had a shot through his forearm, but otherwise he wasn't scratched, and I thought we'd been lucky.

We drove back at a speed that seemed like crawling after our wild ride. News of the shooting had begun to leak out and the whole town was standing on its ear. It was after midnight but lights burned everywhere and people were standing around in groups waiting for further news. Our car, with its cracked windshield and bullet holes, attracted plenty of attention, but after I'd unloaded Ryan, I drove to Kitty's.

Lights were burning in her flat, but Kitty was down on the steps outside. When I joined her, I saw she'd been waiting a long time and I thought maybe she was waiting for Rocco. "Take it easy," I said. "I've bad news for you, Kit."

I told her about Rocco and told her what he'd said to tell her, trying to act like I believed it, but she didn't listen. She was staring so hard at my forehead that I put up my hand and brought it away covered with blood. Then I remembered the time my cap had jumped on my head, and when I looked, sure enough there was a hole through the cap.

"You're hurt!" said Kitty, and my being hurt seemed to matter so much she wasn't even thinking about Rocco, though I knew she'd be sorry about that later.

"Since when did my getting hurt mean anything to you?" I said because I didn't know what else to say.

She blushed the way only a redheaded Irish girl can blush. "Since that other time I waited on the steps for you," said Kitty, looking at me the way only a redheaded Irish girl can look at the right man.

I knew she meant the night I'd kissed her, and I put out my arms. She moved toward me, we went into a clinch, but after a moment she pulled away.

"Take it easy!" she scolded breathlessly. "We've a lifetime ahead of us."

It came over me like church music then that she was right. We'd a lifetime ahead of us, only first there'd be a wedding at St. Margaret's, with her folks and mine sitting in the front pews. Because I didn't think old Mike Connor would object to this wedding, this being something Kitty's old man and my old man have planned almost from the day we were born.

Improvement of the Breed

(Continued from page 12)

I have promised to tell you why Man o' War, America's fabled super-horse, failed to win the Kentucky Derby. But I also must tell you of specific instances where definite harm has been wrought by the present system of American racing if my premise is to carry weight. We will begin with Man o' War. The Derby didn't hurt him—because he never ran in it.

BUT let's start at the beginning. In 1917, when Man o' War was a yearling, he went on the auction block at Saratoga and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel D. Riddle bought him for \$5,000. They shipped him to Pennsylvania, where the Riddle horses were in training along with the stable of Mr. Riddle's daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Jeffords. The Jeffords also owned a colt they thought had championship possibilities. His name was Golden Broom and

he was one of the most magnificent chestnuts ever to look through a bridle.

As they grew toward racing age these two, Man o' War and Golden Broom, became the stars of their respective stables and a great though friendly rivalry developed between them. On more than one occasion the Jeffords colt (Golden Broom) outran the Riddle hope. He beat him definitely at a matched furlong, if camp whispers are to be believed. But he never beat him again.

In their two-year-old form Man o' War went into leadership and won every race he ran but one. And that one was questionable. It was the historic sprint at Saratoga when Upset came in first, with Man o' War second. But they seldom met on the track. The Jeffords were waiting for the big shot. The Derby at Churchill Downs, the Preakness at Pimlico, the Belmont at Belmont Park. In April of the next year they sent Golden Broom to Lexington to train for the

race. Many an April morning I spent on the back-stretch fence watching him—and he was breath-taking in his beauty.

But Man o' War stayed in the East. Mr. Riddle wisely decided that his colt could not stand the trip West, the hard race in the first week of May and the rush back to tidewater for the Preakness seven days later. So Man o' War stayed home to win the Preakness in a common gallop and to go on to become the champion of his year and the picture horse of all American turf history.

Golden Broom went west to train for the Derby—and broke down in the muck of an April morning, to pass out of the picture for all time. He was never worth a tinker's dam as a race horse after that disastrous effort to corral the first leg on the Triple Crown.

Now the question is, what would have
(Continued on page 38)

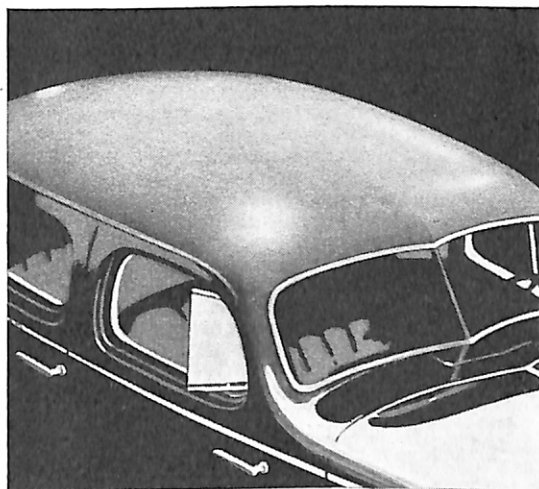
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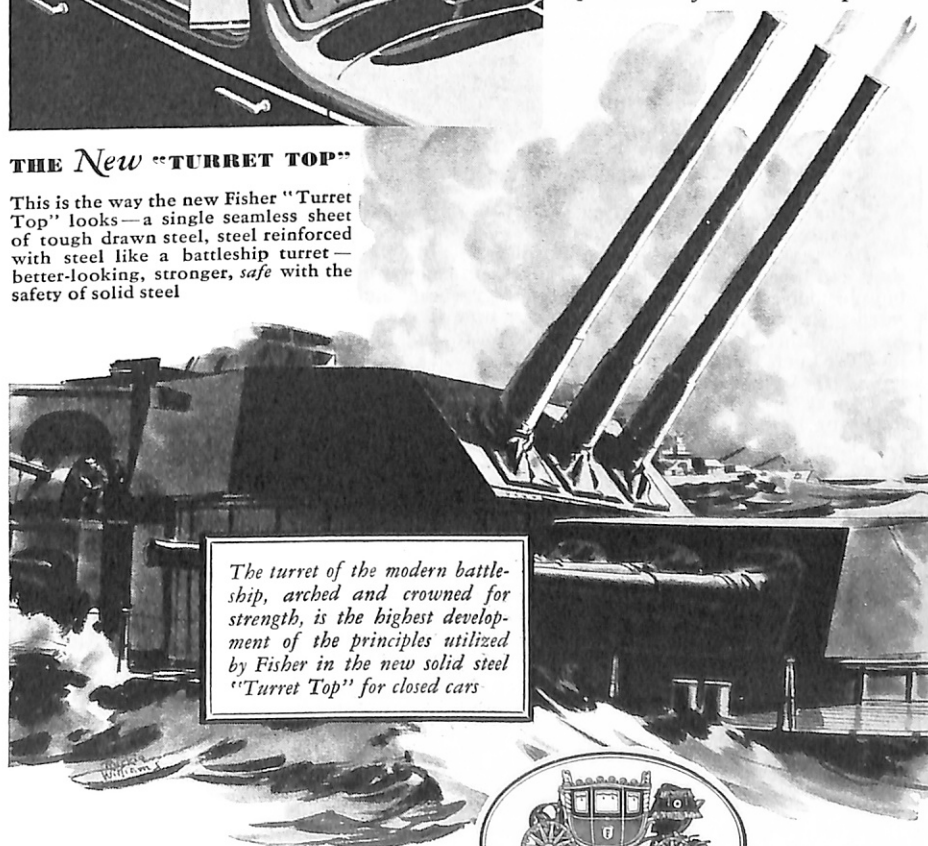
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When you examine Body by Fisher for 1935 you'll find other notable advantages—Fisher No Draft Ventilation, of course, and full streamlining, windstream V-type windshield, wider seats, more headroom, bigger doors, more roominess and other improvements.

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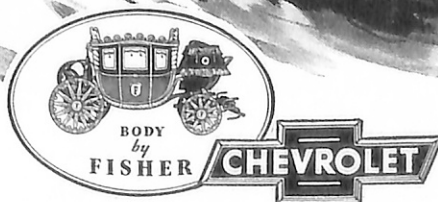
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(Continued from page 36)

happened to Man o' War had he gone to Kentucky too? Owners, trainers, writers, turf followers are unanimously of the opinion that he could have won the Derby as he won every other three-year-old fixture—every other race he ever started in except that strange two-year-old sprint at Saratoga.

All right. Granted that he could have laughed home in the Derby—had he gone west—trained as Golden Broom attempted to train—been shipped 1,600 miles round trip and gone to the post for the Preakness. Could he have won both races? Could he have gone on—and on? It's a moot question. It's like asking whether Dempsey could have beaten John L. Sullivan in his prime. But it's still a question and a good one.

I believe that Man o' War became the horse he did because Samuel Riddle had the good sense and the sportsmanship to keep him out of the Derby. To train him slowly and carefully on "home grounds" at Pimlico and to keep him away from the horse cars as much as possible.

So much for possibility. There are case histories a-plenty to show what this forcing system has done to potentially great horses.

I SPOKE a bit ago about that backstretch rail at Lexington. At six o'clock of an April morning it used to be one of the most fascinating spots for the gathering of horse lore on this Continent. I recall now, the Spring dawn when Andrew Leonard told me about Alan-a-dale and the Derby of 1902.

Alan-a-dale was one of the finest colts of his time. He was bred, trained and owned by Thomas C. McDowell, grandson of Henry Clay and heir to Ashland, the beautiful old Clay homestead beyond Lexington.

Winter book favorite for the Derby, Alan-a-dale went to the post a short-price favorite. Only Major McDowell, Andrew Leonard, his closest friend, and the stable hands, knew he had injured himself seriously. He had "grabbed" himself some days before the race while working out in the thick mud and he had been under continuous medical care. But the Major was a sportsman. His colt was carrying the hopes and fears of cash of hundreds of breeders.

"We've got to start him if he's fit to run," he said. And on the day before the race Alan-a-dale did seem fit to run. He was, in fact, rearing to go. So he started and he won. But let me quote as nearly as I can recall it, the race as Mr. Leonard told it:

"He went away from the barrier like a shot and opened a clear lead. The other boys couldn't keep up with him, but they rated their mounts, expecting him to ease up for a breather, to come back to them. But his rider knew there was a weakness in Alan's legs. He knew that any change of pace, any break in stride might ruin his mount. So he let him coast along. Alan came into the stretch—it seemed like eight lengths ahead. And then as he made the turn into the straight-away he faltered and I heard Tom gasp. The bad leg had given out."

"He finished that race on three legs. Inventor was laying second and gradually he began to close the gap. It seemed to me that it took an hour for the field to run that last 400 yards. But Alan won. He won by a nose on the post—on three legs, as I have said—with Inventor looking him in the eye, and The Rival third."

That race finished Alan-a-dale. He went on later in the stud to beget good sons and daughters—particularly granddaughters. But his racing days ended with the Derby. As I have said, Major Tom was a sportsman and he ran his horse rather than ruin his friends.

George J. Long, master of the Bashford Manor Stud near Louisville, refused to run one of his horses for the same reason. It was the Derby of 1914, and Ralph, a son of Sir Huon, himself a Derby winner, was the winter book favorite—along with an-

other great Blue Grass colt—Old Rosebud. In one of his final "pipe-openers" before the Derby, Ralph wrenched a leg and was rushed into his barn, where veterinarians did everything possible to reduce the swelling and restore spring and strength to injured muscles. On the morning of Derby day Mr. Long visited Ralph's stall and asked if his colt was fit to race. He was recalling that hundreds of Kentuckians had wagered heavily on Ralph's chances. He knew, too, that if Ralph went to the post thousands more would bet even more heavily.

Pete Coyne, one of the great old-school trainers, was in charge of the Long stable. "What chance has he?" Mr. Long asked.

"A chance, sir," Coyne answered. Without saying more, he made clear the inference that Ralph might run and win—and might try to run and break down—irrevocably. Mr. Long stroked Ralph's muzzle and went back to the office of the track secretary. He scratched Ralph. "It wouldn't be fair to him or to his friends," he said simply.

Six years later George W. Loft sent two magnificent horses west to train for the Derby. They were On Watch and Donnacona. I remember sitting on that backstretch rail with Dr. Woodruff, one of the greatest veterinarians the American turf has ever known. "Doc" had handled horses from Sandhurst to Bombay and from Singapore to Saratoga. That year I was particularly sweet on Donnacona.

"He won't do," "Doc" told me. "He's too short in front—and beyond that they're killing him."

The Wednesday before the Derby I saw Donnacona work six furlongs in 1:12 flat and I was sure he'd win. The day of the Derby I bet on him and he ran somewhere worse than eighth. Paul Jones won by lengths, with Upset second and On Watch third. That wasn't the fault of conditions so much as it was the fault of his trainer, but it does illustrate a point. Donnacona had been forced the way a florist forces a rose in a hot-house.

He needed work—speed and toughening to make him fit for the mile and a quarter test. But his trainer overdid it. Inevitably if you force a horse or a plant too far you get a beautiful bloom—but you get one that fades quickly. Believe me, Donnacona faded.

IN 1918 came Sun Briar's year and the break that made a champion out of a Cinderella. Willis Sharpe Kilmer sent Sun Briar to Louisville for the Derby and put him in a mile heat in preparation. Sun Briar ran the fastest eight furlongs ever seen in Bootland—1:36 plus. Immediately the colt's price receded in the Winter books until he was established as the pre-race favorite. And then, three days before the Derby, he worked out a mile and a quarter in the mud—and broke down. Kilmer was desolate. He was most anxious to have a representative in the race because he had engaged a box and invited friends to witness the race.

So he went into the market for a substitute. But he found little encouragement. The only candidate available was a scrawny maiden gelding owned by Cal Milam—a horse that had started but three times as a two-year-old and had never finished in the money but once—that time third. His name was Exterminator. But Kilmer wanted a horse, so he bought him—and he paid, to the amazement of everyone, \$15,000.

The rest is history. Exterminator won the Derby and almost every other stake of any importance before he finally was retired with the affectionate regard of horsemen and turf followers throughout the country.

They called him "Old Bones" and I doubt if a more popular horse ever faced a barrier in America.

But what of Sun Briar? He should have been one of the great horses of all time. As a stock horse he has given us some marvelous

colts and fillies—particularly Sun Beau—the iron horse to end iron horses. But the record books don't show his real worth. The untutored reader of turf happenings would never know him for a champion. Here is a colt that should rank on the books with Man o' War, Equipoise, Gallant Fox, Reigh Count, Hanover, Colin, Twenty Grand. But he doesn't because he broke down while training for the Derby and never had a chance.

AND—referring to the shipping evil—how many of you know who Jean Val Jean is? I don't mean the hero of "Les Miserables"! I mean a horse. He was a colt by Sand Mole out of Jeanne Bowdre—she by Luke McLuke and he by Ultimus out of Midge by Trenton. That, gentlemen, is breeding. And Jean Val Jean could run. Run? Hell, gentlemen! He could fly. And to top it he was one of the most beautiful horses ever foaled. A bright chestnut with a cream-colored mane and a tail that reached clear to his hocks.

Late in August of his two-year-old form, his owner, John Oliver Keene, put him in serious training for the Belmont Futurity—the \$100,000 stake at Belmont Park that is supposed to settle once for all the championship of the two-year-olds. A week before the race he shipped Jean east from Lexington. At the same time Edward Riley Bradley shipped his biggest two-year-old hope—a colt named Blue Larkspur.

The two Kentuckians reached Belmont at the same time. Both needed a race to fit them for the gruelling seven-furlong straight-away of the Futurity. So both were entered in a handicap—or rather an allowance race—to be run two days after they had detrained.


They ran—and it was one of the most exciting, ding-dong heats Belmont ever saw. From flagfall to finish, these two grand colts ran neck and neck, eye to eye. At the finish Blue Larkspur's nose was in front. He won—and a track record trembled in the balance.

Three—perhaps it was four—days later I went to Belmont Park to see the Futurity. I saw Jean Val Jean, Blue Larkspur, Roguish Eye, High Strung—the field of champions. I saw them parade past the stands and march out that long funnel of the Widener chute. I saw them form in line at the barrier and then break and spring away and race with all they had down that spreading brown strip of soil. I saw Jean Val Jean try and fade away. I saw Blue Larkspur falter. I saw High Strung and Roguish Eye come down to the judges head and head—and I saw High Strung win. But as long as I can see a horse, I'll never believe that the best horse won that day.

Jean Val Jean was a sick horse the night he unloaded from the Kentucky car. He was a sick horse the day he ran five furlongs in less than a minute to make Blue Larkspur give all he had to win by a hair. And he was a dying horse the day he broke from the barrier for the Futurity. He lived and he raced again. But he was a ghost of what he should have been.

BUT that is history now. Let's talk about the present. As this issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE goes to press, a dozen of the greatest thoroughbreds in America are being fitted for the \$127,000 Santa Anita Handicap in California. It may be the greatest horse race this country has ever seen—IF THE CRIPPLES CAN GO TO THE POST. When I say cripples I mean such once magnificent animals as Equipoise, Twenty Grand, Mate, Head Play and Cavalcade. These five alone (in condition) would guarantee a contest beyond any racing thrill in history.

But Equipoise broke down while training for the Kentucky Derby of 1931 and was so badly injured he was unable to race for
(Continued on page 40)



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(Continued from page 39)

an entire year. That he came back to the track at all was due to the perseverance and intelligence of his handlers, plus an iron constitution. A lesser horse would have been ruined beyond repair by that forced training of early spring.

Twenty Grand did win the Derby and many another stake. But in his case retirement to an unsuccessful stud experience militates against his chances to come back. It is interesting to note that he was retired to the stud when only four years old because he had bowed a tendon while training.

Mate is the soundest of the lot. But Mate was brought along much more slowly than his contemporaries.

Head Play is another cripple. He ran second to Broker's Tip for the Kentucky Derby in that notoriously rough-riding finish when the jockeys, Meade and Fisher, wrestled and clawed each other all down the last sixteenth of a mile.

A WEEK later Head Play won the Preakness. Broker's Tip was last. Broker's Tip hasn't been able to run a lick since. Head Play went to Jamaica, fagged out from two rough races on successive Saturdays—and broke down completely. Not in the legs—but in the heart and nerves and sinews.

Cavalcade is the last of the famous five—and the youngest. The race will be over by the time you read this, but this Brookmeade Stable colt is my pre-race favorite for the big stake. (*Azucar won, with Ladysman second and Time Supply third.—Ed.*)

True he is a "cripple" also. He developed a quarter crack last summer while training

for the famous Withers mile. But why not? He had been in training continuously from mid-February. He won the Kentucky Derby, was second in the Preakness and won the Detroit Derby with probably the fastest last quarter of a mile and a quarter race ever stepped in America.

So training took its toll. It usually does—in America. But that condition doesn't apply in England. Almost without exception the "top" horses for such internationally known British stakes as the Epsom Derby, the St. Leger and the Two Thousand Guineas—go to the post. If it can be done and is done there, why can't it be done here? It seems obvious that there is something wrong. Either our horses or our system must be at fault.

EARLIER in this article I said it was the system. Some trainers, some owners, probably all track stockholders, will deny it. But they can't deny that we fail, lamentably, in America to protect our thoroughbreds—to do all we can to "improve the breed!"

And we will never approximate that idealistic condition until we do these things:

Cross breed for greater stamina.

Substitute race trials of strength and endurance over a distance of ground, for the mere flash of forced speed over short routes.

Suit training conditions to the thoroughbred, not force the thoroughbred to fit conditions (or rather fight conditions) imposed by weather and the box office.

I'll see you at the Derby.

The Night of Nuptials

(Continued from page 15)

cried in anguish.

"And leave your husband in the hangman's hands?" he asked.

"Let me go! Let me go!" was all that she could answer him, expressing the only thought of which in that dread moment her mind was capable.

That and the loathing on her face wounded his vanity—for this beast was vain. His manner changed, and the abysmal brute in him was revealed in the anger he displayed. With foul imprecations he drove her out.

Next day a messenger from the Governor waited upon her at her house with a brief note to inform her that her husband would be hanged upon the morrow. Incredulity was succeeded by a numb, stony, dry-eyed grief, in which she sat alone for hours—a woman entranced. At last, towards dusk, she summoned a couple of her grooms to attend and light her, and made her way, ever in that odd somnambulistic state, to the gaol of Middleburg. She announced herself to the head gaoler as the wife of Philip Danvelt, lying under sentence of death, and that she was come to take her last leave of him. It was not a thing to be denied, nor had the gaoler any orders to deny it.

So she was ushered into the dank cell where Philip waited for his doom, and by the yellow wheel of light of the lantern that hung from the shallow vaulted ceiling she beheld the ghastly change that the news of impending death had wrought in him. No longer was he the self-assured young burgher who, conscious of his innocence and worldly importance, had used a certain careless insolence with the Governor of Zeeland. Here she beheld a man of livid and distorted face, wild-eyed, his hair and garments in disarray, suggesting the physical convulsions to which he had yielded in his despair and rage.

"Sapphira!" he cried at sight of her. A

sigh of anguish and he flung himself, shuddering and sobbing, upon her breast. She put her arms about him, soothed him gently, and drew him back to the wooden chair from which he had leapt to greet her.

He took his head in his hands and poured out the fierce anguish of his soul. To die innocent as he was, to be the victim of an arbitrary, unjust power! And to perish at his age!

Hearing him rave, she shivered out of an agony of compassion and also of some terror for herself. She would that he found it less hard to die. And thinking this she thought further, and uttered some of her thought aloud.

"I could have saved you, my poor Philip."

He started up, and showed her again that livid, distorted face of his.

"What do you mean?" he asked hoarsely. "You could have saved me, do you say? Then—then—why—"

"Ah, but the price, my dear," she sobbed.

"Price?" quoth he in sudden, fierce contempt. "What price is too great to pay for life? Does this Rhynsault want all our wealth, then yield it to him—yield it so that I may live—"

"Should I have hesitated had it been but that?" she interrupted.

And then she told him, whilst he sat there hunched and shuddering.

"The dog! The foul German dog!" he muttered through clenched teeth.

"So that you see, my dear," she pursued brokenly, "it was too great a price. Yourself, you could not have condoned it, or done aught else but loathe me afterwards."

But he was not as stout-mettled as she deemed him, or else the all-consuming thirst of life, youth's stark horror of death, made him a temporizing craven in that hour.

"Who knows?" he answered. "Certes, I do not. But a thing so done, a thing in

which the will and mind have no part, resolves itself perhaps into a sacrifice—"

He broke off there, perhaps from very shame. After all he was a man, and there are limits to what manhood will permit of one.

But those words of his sank deeply into her soul. They rang again and again in her ears as she took her anguished way home after the agony of their farewells, and in the end they drove her out again that very night to seek the Governor of Zeeland.

Rhynsault was at supper when she came, and without quitting the table bade them usher her into his presence. He found her very white, but singularly calm and purposeful in her bearing.

"Well, mistress?"

"May I speak to you alone?"

Her voice was as steady as her glance.

He waved away the attendants, drank a deep draught from the cup at his elbow, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and sat back in his tall chair to hear her.

"Yesterday," she said, "you made, or seemed to make, me a proposal."

He looked up at first in surprise, then with a faint smile on his coarse, red mouth. His glance had read her meaning clearly.

"Look you, mistress, here I am lord of life and death. Yet in the case of your husband I yield up that power to you. Say but the word and I sign the order for his gaol delivery at dawn."

"I have come to say that word," she informed him.

A moment he looked up at her, his smile broadening, a flush mounting to his cheek-bones. Then he rose and sent his chair crashing behind him to the ground.

"Herrgott!" he grunted; and he gathered her slim trembling body to his massive gold-laced breast.

SOON after sunrise on the morrow she was beating at the gates of Middleburg gaol, a paper clutched convulsively in her left hand.

She was admitted, and to the head gaoler she showed the paper that she carried.

"An order from the Governor of Zeeland for the gaol delivery of Philip Danvelt!" she announced almost hysterically.

The gaoler scanned the paper, then her face. His lips tightened.

"Come this way," he said; and led her down a gloomy corridor to the cell where yesterday she had seen her husband.

He threw wide the door, and Sapphira sprang in.

"Philip!" she cried, and checked as suddenly.

He lay supine and still upon the miserable pallet, his hands folded upon his breast, his face waxen, his eyes staring glassily through half-closed lids.

She sped to his side in a sudden chill of terror. She fell on her knees and touched him.

"Dead!" she screamed, and, kneeling, span round questioning to face the gaoler in the doorway. "Dead!"

"He was hanged at daybreak, mistress," said the gaoler gently.

She rocked a moment, moaning, then fell suddenly forward across her husband's body in a swoon.

That evening she was again at the Gravenhof to see Rhynsault, and again she was admitted—a haggard-faced woman now, in whom there was no trace of beauty left. She came to stand before the Governor, considered him in silence a moment with loathing unutterable in her glance, then launched into fierce recriminations of his broken faith.

He heard her out, then shrugged and
(Continued on page 42)



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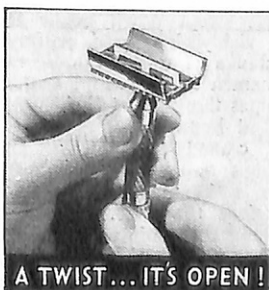
Inspection is relentless. No faulty blade can pass. And finally, each blade is firmly anchored in its envelope at four points so the edges cannot be damaged in shipment.

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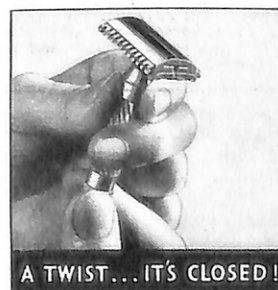
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Red Worms and Grasshoppers for Bait

A photograph on page 14 of THE ELKS MAGAZINE for January, 1935, was erroneously captioned as that of J. G. Hansen, a red worm culturist of 8977 Madison, South Gate, Calif. The text accompanying the picture explained that Mr. Hansen has for a number of years successfully grown, canned and shipped alive, red worms to fishermen the world over. This he does, but the photograph reproduced was that of R. B. Bilkosky of 26 South Olive Street, Alhambra, Calif., who is also an experienced red worm culturist.

The editors regret this slip-up and assure readers that they may purchase this excellent bait from either Mr. Bilkosky or Mr. Hansen with every assurance of satisfaction.

On the same page a picture was published showing a man sorting grasshoppers for packaging and shipping (in jars) to anglers. The inference in the caption was that this scene was laid at Mr. Hansen's farm—for he is also a grasshopper collector. The fact, however, is that this photograph showed L. E. Newton of the Grasshopper Fish Bait Company, Inc., 2847 W. Pico Street, Los Angeles, Calif. This thoroughly reliable concern sells grasshoppers, sand crabs, shrimp and roaches to fishermen in many lands.



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(Continued from page 41)

smiled indulgently at the desperate woman. "I performed no less than I promised," said he. "I pledged my word to Danvelt's gaol delivery, and was not my gaol delivery effective? You could hardly suppose that I should allow it to be of such a fashion as to interfere with our future happy meetings."

Before his leering glance she fled in terror, followed by the sound of his bestial laugh.

For a week thereafter she kept her house and brooded. Then one day she sallied forth all dressed in deepest mourning and attended by a train of servants, and, embarking upon a flat-bottomed barge, was borne up the river Scheldt towards Antwerp. Bruges was her ultimate destination, of which she left no word behind her, and took the longest way round to reach it. From Antwerp her barge voyaged on to Ghent, and thence by canal, drawn by four stout Flemish horses, at last to the magnificent city where the Dukes of Burgundy kept their Court.

UNDER the June sunshine the opulent city of Bruges hummed with activity like the great human hive it was. For Bruges at this date was the market of the world, the very centre of the world's commerce, the cosmopolis of the age. Within its walls were established the agencies of a score of foreign great trading companies, and the ambassadors of no less a number of foreign Powers. Here on a day you might hear every language of civilization spoken in the broad thoroughfares under the shadow of such imposing buildings as you would not have found together in another city in Europe. To the harbour came the richly laden argosies from Venice and Genoa, from Germany and the Baltic, from Constantinople and from England, and in her thronged markets Lombard and Venetian, Levantine, Teuton, and Saxon stood jostling one another to buy and sell.

It was past noon, and the great belfry above the Gothic Cloth Hall in the Grande Place was casting a lengthening shadow athwart the crowded square. Above the babel of voices sounded on a sudden the note of a horn, and there was a cry of "The Duke! The Duke!" followed by a general scuttle of the multitude to leave a clear way down the middle of the great square.

A gorgeous cavalcade some twoscore strong came into sight, advancing at an amble, a ducal hunting party returning to the palace. A hush fell upon the burgher crowd as it pressed back respectfully to gaze; and to the din of human voices succeeded now the clatter of hoofs upon the kidney-stones of the square, the jangle of hawk-bells, the baying of hounds, and the occasional note of the horn that had first brought warning of the Duke's approach.

It was a splendid, iridescent company, flaunting in its apparel every colour of the prism. There were great lords in silks and velvets of every hue, their legs encased in the finest skins of Spain; there were great ladies, in tall, pointed hennins or bicorne head-dresses and floating veils, with embroidered gowns that swept down below the bellies of their richly harnessed palfreys. And along the flanks of this cavalcade ran grooms and huntsmen in green and leather, their jagged liripipes flung about their necks, leading the leashed hounds.

The burghers craned their necks, and Levantine merchant argued with Lombard trader upon an estimate of the wealth paraded thus before them. And then at last came the young Duke himself, in black, as if to detach himself from the surrounding splendour. He was of middle stature, of a strong and supple build, with a lean,

swarthy face and lively eyes. Beside him, on a white horse, rode a dazzling youth dressed from head to foot in flame-coloured silk, a peaked bonnet of black velvet set upon his lovely golden head, a hooded falcon perched upon his left wrist, a tiny lute slung behind him by a black ribbon. He laughed as he rode, looking the very incarnation of youth and gaiety.

The cavalcade passed slowly towards the Prinssenhof, the ducal residence. It had all but crossed the square when suddenly a voice—a woman's voice, high and tense—rang out.

"Justice, my Lord Duke of Burgundy! Justice, Lord Duke, for a woman's wrongs!"

It startled the courtly riders, and for a moment chilled their gaiety. The scarlet youth at the Duke's side swung round in his saddle to obtain a view of her who called so piteously, and he beheld Sapphira Danvelt.

She was all in black, and black was the veil that hung from her steeple head-dress, throwing into greater relief her pallid loveliness which the youth's glance was quick to appraise. He saw, too, from her air and from the grooms attending her, that she was a woman of some quality, and the tragic appeal of her smote home in his gay, poetic soul. He put forth a hand and clutched the Duke's arm, and, as if yielding to this, the Duke reined up.

"What is it that you seek?" Charles asked her not unkindly, his lively dark eyes playing over her.

"Justice!" was all she answered him very piteously, and yet with a certain fierceness of insistence.

"None asks it of me in vain, I hope," he answered gravely. "But I do not dispense it from the saddle in the public street. Follow us."

And he rode on.

SHE followed to the Prinssenhof with her grooms and her woman Catherine. There she was made to wait in a great hall, thronged with grooms and men-at-arms and huntsmen, who were draining the measure sent them by the Duke. She stood apart, wrapped in her tragic sorrow, and none molested her. At last a chamberlain came to summon her to the Duke's presence.

In a spacious, sparsely furnished room she found the Duke awaiting her, wearing now a gown of black and gold that was trimmed with rich fur. He sat in a tall chair of oak and leather, and leaning on the back of it lounged gracefully the lovely scarlet youth who had ridden at his side.

Standing before him, with drooping eyes and folded hands, she told her shameful story. Darker and darker grew his brow as she proceeded with it. But it was the gloom of doubt rather than of anger.

"Rhynsault?" he cried when she had done.

"Rhynsault did this?"

There was incredulity in his voice and nothing else.

The youth behind him laughed softly, and shifted his attitude.

"You are surprised. Yet what else was to be looked for in that Teuton swine? Me he never could deceive for all his—"

"Be silent, Arnault," said the Duke sharply. And to the woman: "It is a grave, grave charge," he said, "against a man I trusted and have esteemed, else I should not have placed him where he is. What proof have you?"

She proffered him a strip of parchment—the signed order for the gaol delivery of Philip Danvelt.

"The gaoler of Middelburg will tell Your Grace that he was hanged already when I presented this. My woman Catherine, whom I have with me, can testify to part. And there are some other servants who can bear witness to my husband's innocence. Captain

von Rhynsault had ceased to doubt it."

He studied the parchment, and fell very grave and thoughtful.

"Where are you lodged?" he asked.

She told him.

"Wait there until I send for you again," he bade her. "Leave this order with me, and depend upon it, justice shall be done."

That evening, a messenger rode out to Middelburg to summon von Rhynsault to Bruges, and the arrogant German came promptly and confidently, knowing nothing of the reason, but conceiving naturally that fresh honours were to be conferred upon him by a master who loved stout-hearted servants. And that Rhynsault was stout-hearted he showed most of all when the Duke taxed him without warning with the villainy he had wrought.

If he was surprised, he was not startled. What was the life of a Flemish burgher more or less? What the honour of a Flemish wife? These were not considerations to daunt a soldier, a valiant man of war. And because such was his dull mood—for he was dull, this Rhynsault, as dull as he was brutish—he considered his sin too venial to be denied. And the Duke, who could be crafty, perceiving that mood of his, and simulating almost an approval of it, drew the German captain into self-betrayal.

"And so this Philip Danvelt may have been innocent?"

"He must have been, for we have since taken the guilty man of the same name," said the German easily. "It was unfortunate, but—"

"Unfortunate!" The Duke's manner changed from silk to steel. He heaved himself out of his chair, and his dark eyes flamed. "Unfortunate! Is that all, you dog?"

"I conceived him guilty when I ordered him to be hanged," spluttered the captain, greatly taken aback.

"Then, why this? Answer me—why this?"

And under his nose the Duke thrust the order of gaol delivery Rhynsault had signed.

The captain blenched, and fear entered his glance. The thing was becoming serious, it seemed.

"Is this the sort of justice you were sent to Middelburg to administer in my name? Is this how you dishonour me? If you conceived him guilty, why did you sign this—and upon what terms? Bah, I know the terms. And having made such foul terms, why did you not keep your part of the bargain, evil as it was?"

RHYNSAULT had nothing to say. He was afraid, and he was angry too. Here was a most unreasonable bother all about nothing, it seemed to him.

"I—I sought to compromise between justice and—and—"

"And your own vile ends," the Duke concluded for him. "By Heaven, you German dog, I think I'll have you shortened by a head!"

"My lord!" It was a cry of protest.

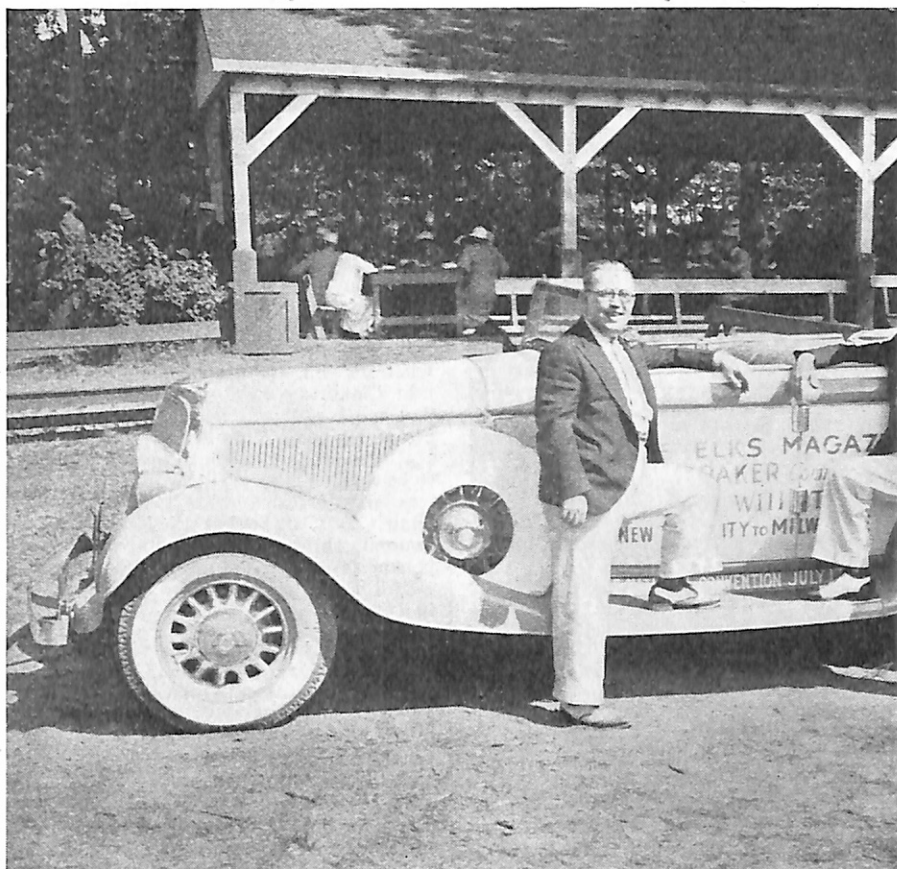
"There is the woman you have so foully wronged, and so foully swindled," said the Duke, watching him. "What reparation will you make to her? What reparation can you make? I can toss your filthy head into her lap. But will that repair the wrong?"

The captain suddenly saw light, and quite a pleasant light it was, for he had found Sapphira most delectable.

"Why," he said slowly, and with all a fool's audacity, "having made her a widow, I can make her a wife again. I never thought to wive, myself. But if Your Grace thinks such reparation adequate, I will afford it her."

The Duke checked in the very act of replying. Again the expression of his countenance.

(Continued on page 44)



Snapshot of Joe Downing of Mount Vernon, N. Y.

I HAVE BEEN DRIVING CARS FOR 25 YEARS

Gentlemen:

I have been piloting cars in the Elks Good Will Tours for the past four years, driving a total of over 50,000 miles. Practically all of this mileage was made at high speed over all kinds of roads. Perhaps that will help qualify me as an expert on how to get the most out of a car.

I know that you folks have skilled engineers and modern laboratories to maintain the quality of your motor oil and greases. Well, I have a laboratory of my own—under the hood of my car. For the motor of an Elks Tour car is a proving-ground for oil, and I don't mean maybe.

There is one simple truth that I've discovered: you can't get the service out of a motor that the manufacturer built into it unless you use the highest quality oil—and drain and refill at regular intervals.

Yes, sir, Quaker State lasts longer and keeps a motor running smoother than any oil I have ever used—and I have been driving cars for twenty-five years.

Yours very truly,

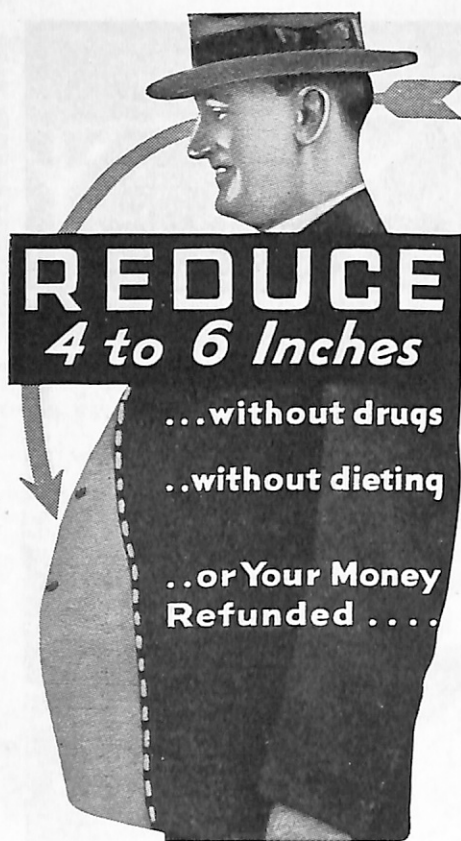
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(Continued from page 43)

ance changed. He strode away, his head bowed in thought; then slowly he returned. "Be it so," he said. "It is not much, but it is all that you can do, and after a fashion it will mend the honour you have torn. See that you wed her within the week. Should she not consent, it will be the worse for you."

She would not have consented—she would have preferred death, indeed—but for the insistence that the Duke used in private with her. And so, half convinced that it would in some sort repair her honour, the poor woman suffered herself to be led, more dead than living, to the altar in the Duke's private chapel, and there, scarcely knowing what she did, she became the wife of Captain Claudius von Rhynsault, the man she had most cause to loathe and hate in all the world.

Rhynsault had ordered a great banquet to celebrate his nuptials, for on the whole he was well satisfied with the issue of this affair. But as he left the altar, his half-swooning bride upon his arm, the Duke in person tapped his shoulder.

"All is not yet done," he said. "You are to come with me."

THE bridal pair were conducted to the great hall of the Prinssenhof, where there was a great gathering of the Court—to do honour to his nuptials, thought the German captain. At the broad table sat two clerkly fellows with quills and parchments, and by this table the Duke took his stand, Arnault beside him—in peacock-blue to-day—and called for silence.

"Captain von Rhynsault," he said gravely and quietly, "what you have done is well done; but it does not suffice. In the circumstances of this marriage, and after the revelation we have had of your ways of thought and of honour, it is necessary to make provision against the future. It shall not be yours, save at grave cost, to repudiate the wife you have now taken."

"There is no such intent—" began Rhynsault, who mislaid this homily.

The Duke waved him into silence. "You are interrupting me," he said sharply. "You are a wealthy man, Rhynsault, thanks to the favours I have heaped upon you ever since the day when I picked you from your German kennel to set you where you stand. Here you will find a deed

prepared. It is in the form of a will, whereby you bequeath everything of which you are to-day possessed—and it is all set down—to your wife on your death, or on the day on which you put her from you. Your signature is required to that."

The captain hesitated a moment. This deed would fetter all his future. The Duke was unreasonable. But under the steady, compelling eyes of Charles he moved forward to the table, and accepted the quill the clerk was proffering. There was no alternative, he realized. He was trapped. Well, well! He must make the best of it. He stooped from his great height, and signed in his great sprawling, clumsy, soldier's hand.

THE clerk dusted the document with pounce, and handed it to the Duke. Charles cast an eye upon the signature, then taking the quill himself, signed under it, then bore the document to the half-swooning bride.

"Keep this secure," he bade her. "It is your marriage-gift from me."

Rhynsault's eyes gleamed. If his wife were to keep the deed, the thing was none so desperate after all. But the next moment he had other things to think of.

"Give me your sword," the Duke requested.

Wondering, the German unsheathed the weapon, and proffered the hilt to his master. Charles took it, and a stern smile played about his beardless mouth. He grasped it, hilt in one hand and point in the other. Suddenly he bent his right knee, and, bearing sharply downward with the flat of the weapon upon his thigh, snapped it into two.

"So much for that dishonorable blade," he said, and cast the pieces from him. Then he flung out an arm to point to Rhynsault. "Take him out," he commanded; "let him have a priest, and half an hour in which to make his soul, then set his head on a spear above the Cloth Hall, that men may know the justice of Charles of Burgundy."

With the roar of a goaded bull the German attempted to fling forward. But men-at-arms, in steel and leather, who had come up quietly behind him, seized him now. Impotent in their coiling arms, he was borne away to his doom, that thereby he might complete the reparation of his hideous offence, and deliver Sapphira from the bondage of a wedlock which Charles of Burgundy had never intended her to endure.

Serving 'Em Up

(Continued from page 19)

credited with discovering the spit-ball, we fell into an argument about who was the first to use that style of delivery. We knew that Stricklett was not, although undoubtedly he deserved credit for rediscovering it and for developing it into what became a craze which almost revolutionized pitching. I argued that Al Orth, the famous pitcher of the old Philadelphia Nationals, used the spit-ball, but, oddly enough, used it "upside down." Being a sweeping underhand pitcher, he used a wet spot on the cover of the ball to make it rise.

Finally someone suggested that we present the argument to "Uncle Mike" Scanlon, who owned the first Washington club and who at that time operated a billiard hall. So we walked over to Scanlon's and stated the case. Uncle Mike thought a moment and said:

"Boys, I cannot tell you who first used the spit-ball. The first I remember was Tommy Bond, when he was pitching for Bridgeport in the Eastern League." Since none of us remembered when that

was, we were all obliged to surrender.

Stricklett's rediscovery or development of the spit-ball brought an interesting era in pitching, and came near wrecking the batting averages. That spring strange tales of a weird new curve commenced to come from the training quarters of the Chicago White Sox. Ball players were excited and the reporters were sending in wild stories about the behavior of the ball in the air. Stricklett was teaching some of the others how to throw it and the discovery threatened to upset all the dope in baseball. One wise Chicago managing editor telegraphed his baseball reporter, ordering him to quit faking and saying, "There is no such ball and the expression is vulgar and disgusting." I took that editor out later and had Ed Walsh show him.

Walsh, an apt pupil of Stricklett, became almost the synonym of the spit-ball and undoubtedly he was its greatest master, although Jack Chesbro and a score of others became famous through its use. Walsh

adapted it to his own physique and pitched it in two ways—most effectively when he threw straight overhand and as a shooting curve when he threw slightly side-arm. I watched him hundreds of times, often with glasses, and several times played with him. One afternoon I was catching the big, graceful fellow as he kept warmed up ready for action, and as his arm warmed I said:

"Come on, big fellow, show me the spitter."

He threw a spit-ball.

"Not that one—the real one," I demanded.

He threw another and another and finally I gave up. Just then the signal came for him to get into the game and with only a trace of change in his delivery he threw the ball. That ball came fast! Very fast—almost at the level of my breast. About ten feet from me it suddenly shot—or slid—down and out. I dived toward it, the ball struck the tip of my mitt and hit me on the instep and, as I danced with pain, the big fellow, roaring with laughter, went out on the field and struck out the next two batters. He was still laughing when I limped past the bench.

Walsh, contrary to reports, did not hurt his arm through overwork. Possibly working in 66 games in one season weakened it, but the damage was done in play. One day he was playing catch with Father Joe Quill, a great baseball fan. Snapping the ball carelessly sidearm, he injured some muscle which never was right again. He could pitch sidearm, but no longer could he throw straight overhand, and his spit-ball was no better than a curve. He had learned how to pitch by that time, however, and lasted several years on his headwork after losing his greatest asset.

SPEED, of course, is greatly to be desired, although it is not essential to success. There were, in the older days, three distinct types of pitchers—the tall, overhand thrower with the sweeping curve, the slow-ball pitcher, and a third type which has practically disappeared from the game. That is the small, short-armed type with little motion. Griffith, Bert Cunningham, Walter Wood and Frank Dwyer were representatives of this type, and the great Amos Rusie, although heavy, belonged to that school, as did also Dad Clarke. Rusie had a very short arm, but he was a powerful man. He pitched with a simple piston motion; he just swung back and threw, and defied anyone to guess whether it was a fast ball or a curve. The batter who made a mistake and stepped in on a fast ball thinking it a curve was out of luck. I never saw him until he was past his best, but even then his speed was terrific and his curve almost as fast as his fast ball.

He did another thing that I haven't seen done by modern pitchers—shadowed the ball. That was a trick used by many old-timers. When they threw the ball they hurled their bodies sideways so that the ball was between them and the batter's eye. Many times the batter did not see the ball until it was almost to the plate. I remember once when Rusie hit "Red" Galvin on the head with a pitched ball, Galvin said, "Amie, I never saw that ball."

That trick of shadowing and the trick of cross-firing seem lost to the art of pitching. Many of the old-timers cross-fired, stepping out and forward and throwing back across the plate at an angle. This was accomplished by much practice and was very effective when used sparingly.

The famous fast-ball pitchers of history were Clarkson of Chicago and Boston, Foutz of St. Louis, Kid Nichols, Cy Young, Ed Reulbach and Walter Johnson. I played catch with Nichols, Young, Reulbach and several times with Johnson, and believe

(Continued on page 46)

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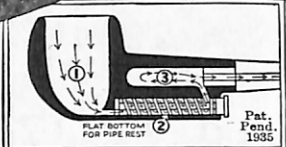


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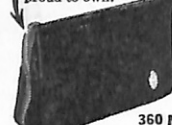
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SALESMEN

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(Continued from page 45)

Johnson was faster than any of them. He never threw but one really fast ball at me. I was playing catch with him in Washington one morning and demanding to see his "swift." He was throwing fast balls, but I was urging him to come on with the real one. Tiring of the play finally, he threw back those huge shoulders just a trifle more than usual. I jerked my head aside and the ball hit the stand on the fly. How fast that ball traveled I cannot guess. I saw it, but, as Tim Hurst once said, "It looked like a Carter's Little Liver Pill."

Reulbach, who was for three years the leading pitcher of the country, was almost as fast as Johnson. The National League players often thought him the faster. He had terrific speed and a tendency to become wild and erratic without notice. I could always tell when his arm was tiring, as his hand swung lower and lower instead of swinging straight overhand. He had, as the majority of the famous fast-ball pitchers had, a nice curve, and he also had a slow curve to mix with it, although the mixture often proved poison to his own team. His wildness always puzzled me, since he seemed to have perfect control. Years after he retired from baseball I met him on the street in New York and commenced to joke about his wildness.

"I never was wild," he replied and then laughed.

"I put it over you fellows for years," he added. "Did you never guess what the matter was when I lost the plate?"

I shook my head. He pointed to one of his eyes and said, "See that?"

The eye showed signs of a blur.

"I have been almost blind in that eye for a long time," he said. "Sometimes in pitching, the other eye would get tired or clouded with perspiration and I couldn't see anything but a shadow at the plate. You remember how Kling used to white his mitt with chalk?"

"Yes."
"Well, when my good eye went out he painted the mitt and held it for me to throw the ball at. It was all I could see. When he didn't, I just threw the ball toward a blur at the plate."

It was well that nervous batters, already scared by Reulbach's great speed, did not know he couldn't see where he was throwing. Not even Frank Chance, the Manager, knew that Reulbach was losing the use of one eye. Had they known, some of them would have succumbed to heart attacks.

MORDECAI BROWN I frequently caught. His curve—the real one—was the fastest and sharpest-breaking I ever saw, not excepting that of George Mullen of Detroit, who was, I think, the best strictly curve-ball pitcher the game ever knew. Brown had but three fingers on his right hand and the stumps of the other two, gripped into the seam of the ball, aided in his pitching. It was, however, the snap of his wrist and his follow-through when he "bore down" that gave the curve its exceptional quickness. It broke late, close to the batter, and gave little opportunity for the hitter to change the direction of his bat and "hit it after being fooled." Honus Wagner was the only batter I ever saw who could do that with Brown.

While Brown was, for five years with Chicago, one of the greatest pitchers, his arm really was ruined by overwork at St. Louis before he became one of the Cubs. He never was as good as he should have been. He was a "match play" pitcher—at his best in the hardest fights. For four years he out-pitched Mathewson in almost every duel.

Those "money pitchers," as players call them—men who are at their best when the stake is greatest—are a separate classification. Not always are they great pitchers

mechanically, but they win. "Chief" Bender of the old Athletics was one of these. He always won the important games if the stake was high. Jim Bagby, a pitcher who "didn't have nothin'," was another. Opponents usually accumulated a big batting average and no runs when Bagby was pitching. Mordecai Brown, however, I always considered the best "money pitcher" in that era. He pitched the hard games against the star pitchers of opposing teams in each series, and won year after year.

There are so many types of moundsmen that it is difficult to recall them all. Grover Alexander was all in one—he combined a fast ball, curve and slow ball with cunning. Alex had everything except a desire to keep in condition. Too kindly and good-natured and too good a fellow for his own good, he prevented himself from being the greatest pitcher of all time, but even at that he ranks among the first dozen. He was one of the fine characters of the sport, a teacher of youngsters and always eager to help a new pitcher make good.

Yet of the "naturals," there were two in my time who had more "stuff" on the ball than any others. These two were "Shuffle" Phil Douglass and a lean, long Texan named Virgil Garvin. McGraw always said that Douglass had more on the ball than any pitcher he ever saw, but he was never a great pitcher. Garvin lasted only a short time. I played catch with him often in order to watch the weird performances of the ball in the air. He stood about six feet five, had extraordinarily long arms and he threw right-handed, often releasing the ball from over the left side of his head.

His negative curve (we used to speak of it as an "in" curve) acted like a left-hander's positive curve. He accomplished this by overlapping his long fingers and throwing the ball from over his head and then, by altering the position of his fingers and releasing the ball with his hand farther to the right, he made the curve positive and caused the ball to shoot the other way. He and Douglass "had everything"—but there is a saying in baseball, "It isn't what you've got, but how you use it, that counts."

Another phenomenon was Jack Taylor, known as "Jack the Giant Killer." He had a queer little curve with a twist on it, and a great amount of speed. He was effective against just two clubs in the National League—Pittsburgh and New York. He beat them regularly and won for Chicago steadily. His peculiar effectiveness against Wagner, the great hitter of that era, always was a puzzle. Wagner never could make a hit off his pitching and one day, in Pittsburgh, Honus became disgusted. He turned around, batted left-handed and won a game with a two-base hit, discovering at last how to hit Taylor's offerings.

THE left-handers afford a study in themselves. We used to classify them as the left-handers and the "sane left-handers," the baseball theory being that most left-handed pitchers are "bugs." The first great left-hander was taken from the field to an insane asylum, which perhaps established the tradition. It is remarkable, however, to see to what an extent the great left-handed pitchers have been eccentrics. My own theory has been that the left arm working directly over the heart affects them temporarily. It is noticeable that many who were entirely normal when rested suffered depression or exaltation after pitching a hard game.

The "sane" left-handers we classed as Doc White, Jack Pfeister, Jesse Tannehill, Nap Rucker, Herb Pennock and Art Nehf. There were a few others, including "Lefty" Leifeld, who was one of the greatest demonstrators of the "ain't got a thing" type of winning pitcher. Leifeld never appeared to have any speed or curves or much of any-

NEXT MONTH

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thing else, yet he was successful because he never seemed to pitch a ball any place the batter wanted it.

Nothing disturbs a good hitter so much as to fail to hit against one of those "ain't got a thing" pitchers like Rube Marquardt, who holds the record for consecutive victories; Leifield, Jack Pfister and some others. They can understand being fooled by sharp curves, great speed or quick change of pace, but to be stopped by someone who doesn't seem to be throwing anything hard to hit baffles them.

The Chicago team bumped into Leifield one day at Pittsburgh and was stopped. They were raging and throwing bats, swearing and gnashing teeth as man after man came back from popping up a fly or rolling an easy bouncer to an infielder. The team was trying out a young, fast outfielder named Cad Coles, who was making a sorry exhibition at bat. Finally Artie Hofman, a great hitter, popped out and came back, threw his bat down and swore.

"I don't know what the matter is," he said. "He hasn't got a thing. I see the seams all the way up, and then pop out."

"Hasn't he got a thing?" asked Coles.

"Not a damned thing," shouted Hofman.

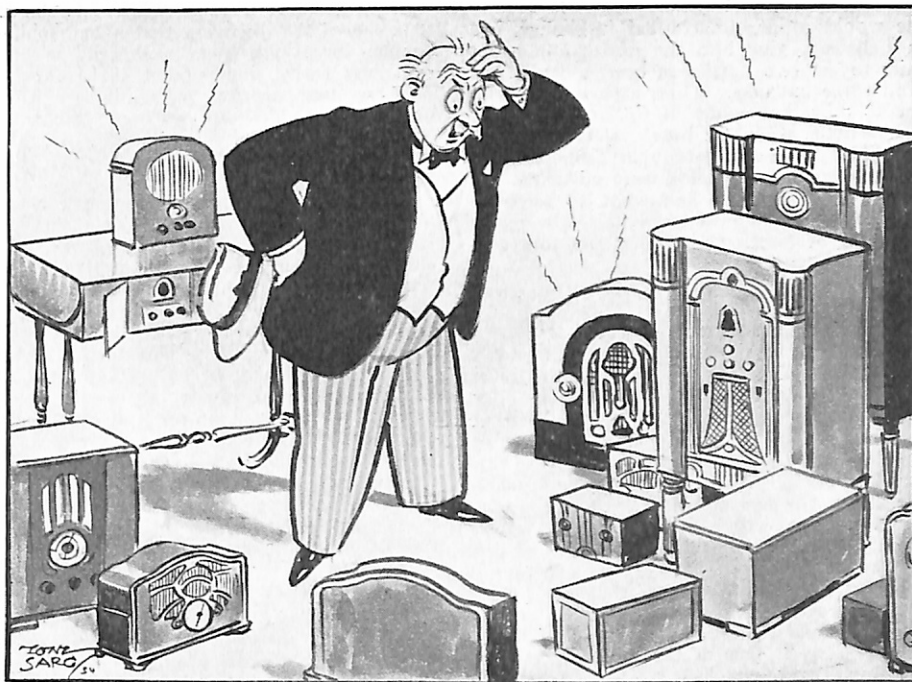
"Then," said Coles judiciously, "I ain't goin' to be in this League long."

Of course the spectacular and noted left handers were among the eccentrics. The first was Tom, "Toad" Ramsey who had more power and curves than any man I ever watched. He had been a bricklayer who gripped the brick in his left hand. From this he had developed extraordinary strength—so much that he could grasp a baseball with his left hand and squeeze so hard that the ball turned inside the cover. I have seen him tear the cover off a ball with his grip. His curves were unhittable and he used to have twenty or more strike-outs a game. His curve darted almost straight downward and I saw him hit a right-handed batter in the belly with a curve at which the batter swung.

RUBE WADDELL was the most notorious of the eccentrics. A man six feet three, powerful, raw boned, usually good natured but dangerous when aggravated, Rube was almost the equal of Ramsey in speed and curves, and in eccentricity. Rube was my friend and playmate when he was with the Chicago team under Tom Loftus. We roomed together and Tom appointed me sheriff of Rube. He was as pleasant, considerate and amusing a mate as one might have.

Rube's fast ball was almost as fast as that of Johnson, yet it was easy to catch—as it was "light." His curve was not hard when he had control but when wild it was murderous. He would play catch for hours and enjoy it as much as a small boy would. We even played "high low"—the great ball player amusement game—in our room at three in the morning and with surprising results. The entire hotel force used to come up to see the sport. I never called him "Rube" but addressed him as Eddie and he seemed to like that. He usually came up to the room about midnight and said, "Let me take a dollar."

I would indicate my trousers pocket and
(Continued on page 48)



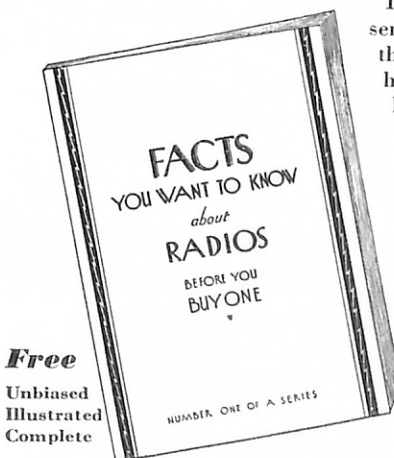
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(Continued from page 47)

he would count out a dollar in change, call a bell boy, give him the dollar and order him to get two bottles of beer, a lemon pie and three bananas. Then, attired in a brief night shirt, he would sit up in bed, eating the strange midnight lunch, and talk about pitching. Those who thought Eddie did not know what he was doing were mistaken. He knew how to pitch and what to pitch to batters, although in a game he might get to thinking of hunting or fishing and forget to pitch.

THE Chicago White Sox once had two of the great left handers on their staff simultaneously—"Doc White," one of the most studious and thoughtful of all, and Nick Altrock, the clown. Nick was a clown at all times, but he also was a remarkable pitcher who used clowning as part of his stock in trade. There was no clowning when he threw the ball toward the batter.

Of all the left handers I have known, Matty, "Bazzazas," Kilroy, of the famous Philadelphia Kilroys, was the most cunning. Short, with a quick wrist motion, he pitched for generations and was winning games when he had (as he said) to "wrist 'em up to the plate." One of the most remarkable games I ever watched was at Baltimore. Kilroy was pitching for Chicago. His arm was worthless and he scarcely could throw the ball to the plate. Baltimore made eight hits off his delivery in the first three innings and he caught seven of the Orioles off first base with his deceptive balk motion.

That balk motion was one of the arts of old time pitching. Kilroy worked hard to perfect the trick of stepping toward the plate and throwing to first base in the same motion. He worked two winters in a corner of his garden at home, with a white mark on the fence in front of him and one directly to his left, practicing stepping toward the plate and throwing to hit the first base mark. No umpire could call a balk on him under the rules and no base runner could take his feet off first base in safety. I saw one batter swing at a ball that Matty threw to first base. There was an argument as it was a third strike and the runner was caught flat footed—really a double play on one thrown ball—but the umpire refused to call the strike.

I think Matty Kilroy and "Chic" Fraser, the old time pitcher now scouting, were the only two players I ever knew who could look one way and throw another. To play "high low" with them meant exhaustion as they could make a fellow jump for a ball that hit him on the feet.

With the revival of the spit ball by Stricklett, there came an era of freak deliveries which destroyed the art of pitching as machinery destroyed art in the handicrafts. The spit ball gave us Walsh, Jack Chesbro, whose "wild pitch" (it was really a passed ball) lost a pennant for New York, Frank Smith, Burleigh Grimes and a score of others.

THE discovery that foreign substances could be made to do the work and minimize the necessity for brains changed the art of twirling. Russ Ford evolved the emery ball, finding that by abrading its surface it could be caused to shoot in various directions. Years before players had known of "winging" the ball to get the same effect. It was

the change from wooden to concrete stands that caused the discovery that a ball fouled against the stands and "mellowed" in one spot was easily manipulated. The experimenters used licorice, resin, slippery elm, emery paper files—all sorts of things to affect the surface of the ball.

In experimenting thus the further discovery was made that coloring a spot on the ball affected batting efficiency; that a black and white ball was difficult to hit. This led to whitening, blackening, and finally to shining the surface of the sphere. The "shine" ball of which Eddie Cicotte, of the infamous Black Sox, was the master, remains to this day more or less of a mystery. Cicotte never explained. All we know is that he polished by some means, probably a touch of paraffin, a small spot on one side of the ball. Whether he gripped a finger on that spot and got a variant of the spit ball, or whether the "shine" deceived the batters' eyes, one must guess. He never would throw me one; indeed he denied that there was such a thing. He threw one ball to me in practice that made me blink

or speed—or we have had the tiny twisting curves of Lundgren and Jack Taylor, and the wide, darting curves of Brown, Mullen, Lonnie Warneke, and scores of others, all effective.

It does not even lie in intelligence or what we call smartness, for Rube Waddell, Bugs Raymond and Phil Douglass have been as successful, in spite of their idiosyncracies, as Ted Lewis (beg pardon, President Edward Lewis, University of New Hampshire) who had a brain trust all his own while pitching for Boston.

If I were compelled to decide (which I hope never to be) who was the "greatest" (the superlative is dangerous in baseball) I would say Christy Mathewson because he combined everything that goes to make up pitching and had to invent and use three systems. Mordecai Brown and Chief Bender would be the choices for "money" pitchers, rising to greatest heights when the stake was largest and the pressure worst.

George Mullen would get the palm as the best curve ball pitcher, although Reulbach would also be a candidate for honors. Mullen's most astonishing feat proved his right to this claim. The Chicago team had beaten Detroit in a World Series and Mullen was aggravated. He declared that he could beat the World's Champion Cubs and use nothing but curve balls. The challenge was accepted and a game between the teams arranged for the next Sunday in Chicago. Mullen pitched nothing but curves and beat the champions 4 to 0. Knowing what was coming, they could not hit his offerings, although I believe that remarkable feat shortened his baseball career.

As the fast ball pitcher Johnson, of course,

would get the award, and as the brainiest and most cunning I would choose Clark Griffith. I sat with Griffith once long after he had quit pitching and become an owner. "Dutch" Reuther was working.

Before each ball was pitched Griffith told me what should be thrown, and after each pitch I scored what actually was used. Only three times in that game did Reuther throw a ball other than the one Griffith called for, and two of those resulted in base hits. Besides which Griffith could talk a batter into an out if he couldn't stop him otherwise.

Yet there is a formula for success. It is Griffith's. Phrased simply, it is: "Always keep ahead of the batter." Others say: "Never let the batter get you in the hole." Griffith's rule is to "put everything on the first ball and get it over."

There have been thousands of them who have won consistently, yet there seems to be no way of finding out what constitutes a winning pitcher. Some men, it seems, could build the Eiffel tower with their teeth while others couldn't make a bird house with all of General Electric's tools. Perhaps the ball player's explanation is best: "It ain't what you got; it's how you use it." Possibly that applies to life as well.



"Mebby Madam is just a little bit cockeyed or somet'ings?"

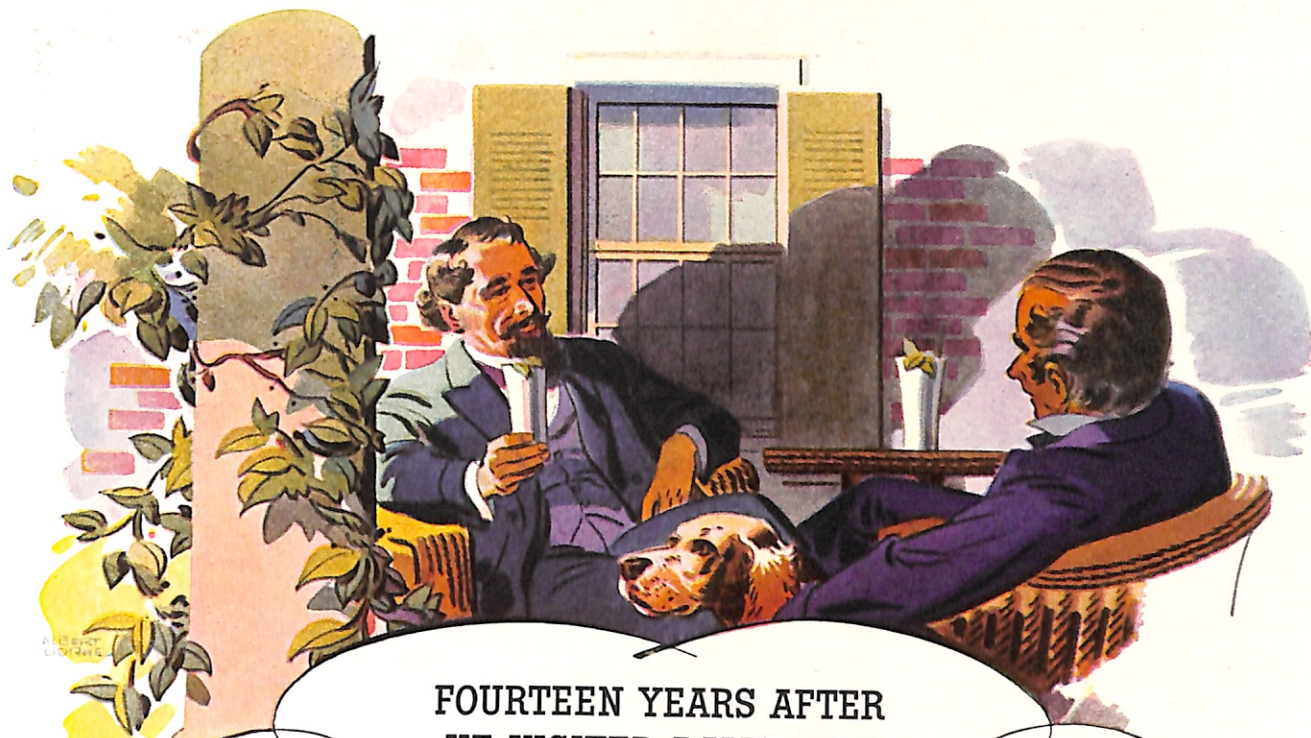
suddenly. The ball seemed to wobble in the air and then "die" as a fadeaway does. Then he laughed and trotted away. Maybe he wanted to see whether or not I noticed it.

That freak era passed, however, when the rules forbade such deliveries and the pitchers were forced again to develop their own art of manipulation.

ALL this does not explain what constitutes a successful pitcher. It is not physique; we have had Rusie, "Dumpling" McMahon, Jack Stivetts, Frank Smith, Chesbro—short armed, strong, heavy shouldered men; "Sizzors" Foutz, Virgil Garvin, "King" Cole and a score of other tall, slim, string bean types. Griffith, Frank Dwer, Bert Cunningham, Kid Keenan—small light fellows. They have come fat, lean, heavy and light—and all winners.

It does not lie in style: we have had "Adonis" Terry, Orvie Overall, Ed Stein, Eppa Jephtha Rickey—giants of men, throwing the ball from high swung arms down at batters; and Al Orth, Carl Mays and Fred Tony—also huge men, pitching underhand until their fingers almost scraped the dirt.

It certainly does not lie entirely in curves



FOURTEEN YEARS AFTER
HE VISITED BALTIMORE
CHARLES DICKENS REMEMBERED
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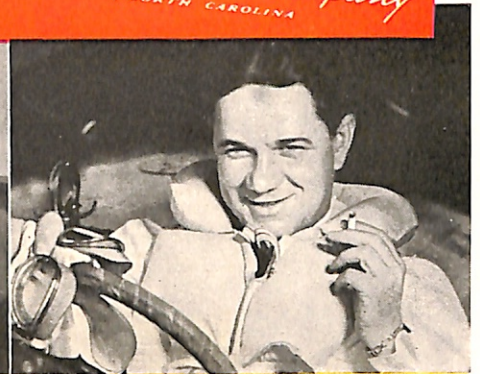
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